

LIVINGSTONE
AND NEWSTEAD



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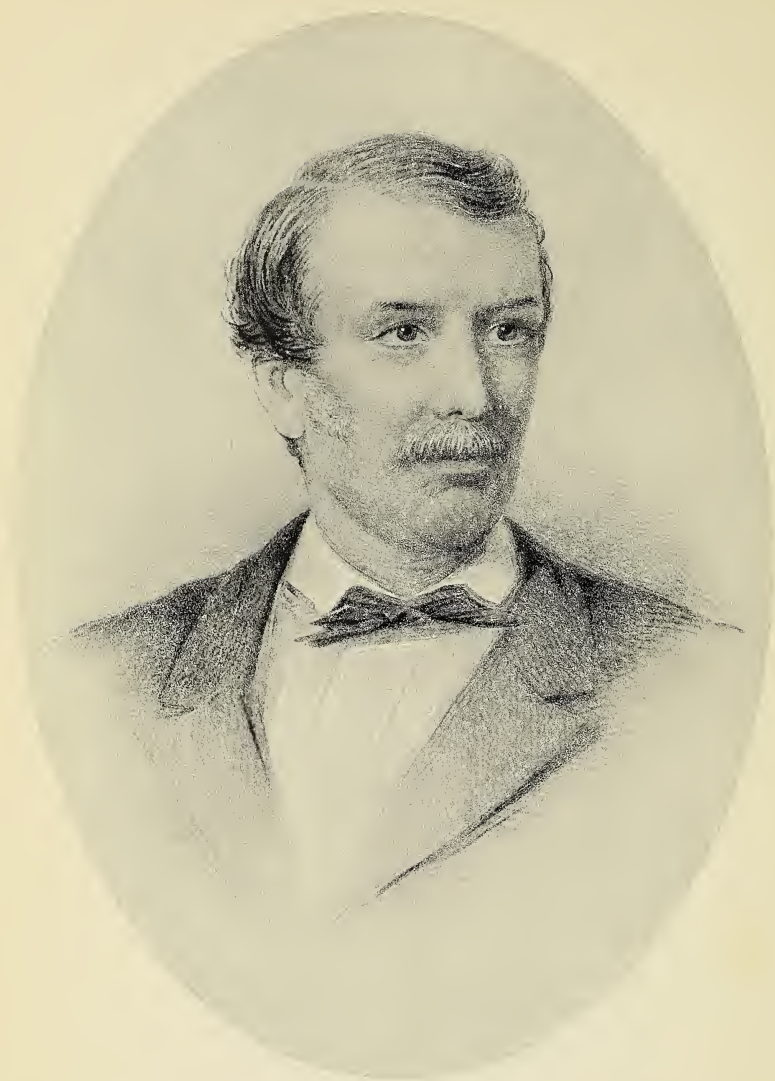
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LIVINGSTONE AND NEWSTEAD



Very Affly
David Livingstone

From the picture by J. B. Harrison at Newstead Abbey.

LIVINGSTONE AND NEWSTEAD

BY A. Z. FRASER

(ALICE SPINNER)

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"LUCILLA," ETC.

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
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1913

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TO
MY DEAR, KIND FRIEND,
MISS AMY FRANCES YULE
OF TARRADALE,
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

PREFACE

THIS year is the centenary of Dr Livingstone's birth, but amidst all its celebrations the presence will be missed of the one child who was nearest to him in spirit. For only a few months ago, in the spring of 1912, his eldest daughter, Agnes Livingstone Bruce, was taken from us.

Therefore, at this distance of time, nearly forty years after her father's death, when already all memories of survivors are either waxing dim or crystallising into history not always authentic, it seems to me right to put on record, however imperfectly, my recollections of Livingstone and his daughter Agnes as I knew them.

True it is that when I met Dr Livingstone I was only a very young child myself, and, therefore, much that one would wish to know must be lacking. Perhaps, however, for the very reason that I was only a child, my recollections, such as they are, may throw fresh light on Livingstone's character. They show him, not as the great explorer and missionary, but as in our daily home life at Newstead he appeared to the eyes of an observant child unaware of his fame.

In those far off days Dr Livingstone was to me not a celebrity, but simply one of my dear father's most intimate friends, and as such to be accepted as part of the natural order of things.

It was only much later, when I had grown up, and he had vanished for ever from my sight, that his greatness of aim and soul, and the remarkable place he filled in the world, dawned on me.

The friendship between my father and Dr Livingstone was no ordinary one. Judging by conventional standards, apparently, few men could have had less in common to start with, but true friendship, like genius, is born—not made; and from their very first meeting in the wilds of Africa they had an instinctive affection and regard for each other, which grew and deepened with time.

Whether they would have been so drawn together had they met in ordinary surroundings, I have often wondered; but in Africa, far from all conventions, they both understood and appreciated each other at once. Moreover, my father felt that he owed an abiding debt of gratitude to Dr Livingstone, whose medical skill had, he believed, been the means of saving his life from a sharp attack of South African fever at their first meeting.

That, in itself, was enough to make a lasting bond between them. My father respected Dr Livingstone with all his heart, whilst Dr Livingstone understood my father as no one else did; and from his sixteen years' seniority treated him with something of the affectionate indulgence of an elder brother. It was this marked disparity in age that lent to Dr Livingstone's intimacy with my father a somewhat different aspect from that which existed between him and his three other great friends, Mr J. Young, of Kelly, Mr Oswell, and last, but not least, Sir Roderick Murchison,

all of whom in their several ways were equally devoted to him and to his interests.

"The best friend I ever had — true, warm, abiding," is Livingstone's own description of Sir Roderick Murchison. I feel constrained to write this, as it would ill become me to claim more honour for my father than was the fact, or that I should seem to minimise in any way other and closer claims.

I must add my thanks to the many kind friends who have assisted me in various ways. In particular, to my cousin Mr Edward Codrington, who has placed at my disposal his father's African journal and many family letters; to my dear old friend, Miss A. C. Andrews, for her valuable notes as to her visit to Newstead during Dr Livingstone's stay there; to Mrs Livingstone Wilson, Mrs Oswald Livingstone, Mrs Gerald Hodgeson, Lady Stanley, Miss Annette Lamb, my aunt the Marquise de Lasteyrie, Mrs Gerald Goodlake, Mrs Cope, Sir William Ingilby, Mr Oswald, and many others. Also to my sister, Miss Webb, for the reproduction of the portraits of Dr Livingstone and my father, now at Newstead.

Lastly and chiefly, to my dear friend, Miss Amy Frances Yule, of Tarradale, at whose suggestion I began this little memoir of vanished mutual friends, but without whose encouragement and ready help, I never could have completed the task.

That my own share in it is in great measure inadequate I realise only too well, and I can but trust, therefore, that these pages may be looked at, in consequence, with kindly eyes.

A. Z. F.

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ROBERT <i>b.</i> 1846; <i>d.</i> 1865.	THOMAS STEELE <i>b.</i> 1849; <i>d.</i> 1875.	ELIZABETH <i>b.</i> 1850; <i>d.</i> as an infant.	ANNA MARY == FRANK WILSON <i>b.</i> 1858 1881.
AGNES == A. L. BRUCE <i>b.</i> 1847. <i>d.</i> 1875.		DR HERBERT FRANCES	RUTH MARY.
MARY <i>b.</i> 1879; <i>d.</i> 1883.	CAPTAIN ALEXANDER LIVINGSTONE, late 12th Hussars.	DR W. OSWELL == MISS KATE ANDERSON <i>b.</i> 1851 1875.	
DAVID LIVINGSTONE		KATE AGNES LOUISE == GERALD HODGSON.	
		CHARLES GERALD LIVINGSTONE.	KATHARINE MAEJORIE LIVINGSTONE.
			GWYNETH MARY LIVINGSTONE.
		ANNIE LIVINGSTONE == CAPTAIN THOMAS E. BUSSELL, The Royal Scots.	
		RONALD ENNESDALE LIVINGSTONE.	

LIVINGSTONE AND NEWSTEAD

CHAPTER I

MY FATHER'S EARLY LIFE

WILLIAM FREDERICK WEBB, whose friendship with the great explorer, David Livingstone, it is the province of this volume to illustrate, was born in 1829. He was one of the four children of Frederick Webb of Westwick, in County Durham, who died when my father was only seventeen.

Most of his childhood and all his holidays were spent in the north of France, where my grandfather owned a country house, the Château de Maquétra, not far from Boulogne, to which they were much attached. Although it had given its name to one of the Faubourgs of Boulogne, it was then quite in the country, and surrounded by fields.

My father was educated at Eton, and was one of the late Lord Salisbury's fags. I do not think they met in after years; but he always said he owed much to the future statesman in his first days at school, as he was one of the most considerate and kind masters a boy could desire. This was in my father's case particularly fortunate, as on his first arrival from France, owing to the

foreign cut of his clothes, he was known as "the French boy." His hat was peculiarly obnoxious, as it had a curly and outlandish brim, and, of course, was promptly smashed as a welcome, and kicked from boy to boy until it was a hat no longer.

In spite of this inauspicious beginning he got on well at Eton, and soon proved himself a true Briton by his behaviour and actions.

He never cared for cricket, but was a fair oarsman, and the best swimmer and diver of his time; whilst, before he left, his fight with "Bill" Gordon Cumming (a younger brother of the well-known lion hunter) was sufficiently important to linger in Eton tradition, being, I believe, the last of the kind. The combatants themselves retained for each other in after life a sincere and affectionate regard.

On my grandfather's death, the Château de Maquétra was sold in spite of my father's remonstrances. It would have been comparatively easy for his guardians to gratify his wish, as my father himself had, two or three years before, inherited from his uncle, Mr John Webb, large properties in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire.

It is easy to see the point of view of his guardians. They probably believed the love for the French home was only boyish fancy. Nevertheless, by a strange irony of fate, there existed no adequate house for him on any of his Yorkshire estates; nor did he possess one until some fifteen years later when, after his marriage, he bought Newstead. Even in later life he slightly resented the loss of Maquétra, the more so as he could

not revisit it, it having been purchased by a very strictly cloistered order of nuns and converted into a convent. Possibly, if he could have seen it again, he would have been disillusioned, but as things were, it remained pathetically in his memory as his *Paradise lost*. In no other place in Europe, according to his description, were flowers so sweet and fair, butterflies so bright, fruit and peaches so abundant.

When, in 1903, the religious orders, amongst them the Maquétra nuns, were expelled from France, the house became vacant, and, being by chance myself in the neighbourhood, I paid it a visit for my father's sake. I found it, in reality, merely a comfortable and roomy, but very ordinary French country house.

It had, certainly, a very pleasant and sunny garden, but beyond this it offered no unusual attractions. Such matters are not to be reasoned about; and, remembering my father's raptures, I could only look and wonder. Nevertheless, its loss was my father's first grief, and I think did much to stimulate his love of wandering.

His next disappointment was more serious, and may be said to have influenced all his future life. He was possessed of much mechanical ingenuity and even invention, whilst his actual technical skill in anything that interested him was expert, as some very elaborate specimens of his work at the turning lathe show to this day. All things connected with firearms, from guns to cannon, interested him keenly. As a lad he cared for nothing in comparison, and dreamt of achieving much if given the chance.

His ambition was to enter the Royal Artillery, for which noble service he was apparently well fitted; but here again his guardians decided otherwise, this time with less reason. A "scientific corps" was not by them considered "good enough" for a young fellow with his prospects! Nothing but a crack cavalry regiment would satisfy these short-sighted counsellors. Accordingly, at the early age then customary, my father received a commission in the 17th Lancers.

That splendid regiment had seen no war service for a generation; and barrack life in time of peace was ill suited to a young man of his intelligence, high spirit, and ambition to be useful. Nevertheless, for the first year or two he found his soldiering life not uninteresting, as he was quartered in Ireland during and immediately after the disturbances of 1848, and there was real work to be done, although not of a pleasing kind. This passed, he could not endure what seemed to him the useless monotony of regimental life, and even before he came of age took the unusual step of resigning his commission in favour of his younger brother, Augustus C. Webb.

Had my father foreseen the future, there is little doubt he would not have left the Army, but it was then a time of profound peace, and no one had prescience of the near approach of the Crimean War which was soon to break out.

In that war the "Death and Glory Boys" proved themselves second to none, and my uncle, Captain Augustus Webb, fell mortally wounded in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava.

Once released from regimental duties, my

father set himself to train quietly for the tough life of a pioneer. He had decided to make an expedition into the wilds of South Africa. He may, in some measure, have been influenced in his choice by Gordon Cumming's book, which appeared first that summer, and set all the adventurous spirits in Great Britain dreaming of lions and elephants.

Thorough in this project, as in all else, he not only acquired by study and attendance at a hospital some practical knowledge of medicine and surgery (sciences for which he always showed a strong predilection and affinity), but also worked under a blacksmith, learning how to shoe a horse, to forge the shoes, and other useful matters of the kind.

No doubt his love of natural history and sport also helped to direct his attention to South Africa; but neither pursuit was the principal cause of his decision. Once in after years, when asked by a near relative to explain why he had taken the then unusual step of going so far from home for so long a time, he answered simply that he had done so because he felt that the life he was then leading in England was altogether too comfortable and luxurious, and that to go far away into the wilds, so far that prompt return would not be easy, was, as he put it, "the only way to make a man of me." This answer shows the manner of man my father was, and goes far to explain Livingstone's love for him. That the result he hoped for was fully attained would be attested by all who knew him. Physically the gain was considerable. Not twenty-two

when he landed in Africa, my father, during the two years he spent there, grew two inches in height, and ultimately stood fully six feet four and a half inches in his socks.

At the time of his visit (1851-3) the whole region was practically unexplored, and travelling, albeit with every advantage, was too dangerous and difficult to be lightly undertaken.

In those days, even within a short distance of Colesberg and Bloemfontein, the country swarmed with game, elephant, rhinoceros, and lion abounding, besides vast numbers of eland, kudu, wildebeeste and hartebeeste, and other antelope, whilst the giraffe, now extinct in those parts, existed in herds.

My father sent back to England, heads, tusks, and skins in such quantities that it was difficult to dispose of them all, even at spacious Newstead. Thus there were bundles of elephants' tails hanging up in odd corners, and sheaves of tusks stowed away and half forgotten, whilst the horns and skins of all kinds on walls and floors gave a curious exotic look to the whole house. Even the ancient stone cloisters were not exempt. Their ornamented aspect would doubtless have bewildered the monks who once had wandered there.

My father was happily a great favourite with the natives, and, what was stranger, with all the Boers he met.

This is the more remarkable when one remembers he arrived at Cape Town just as the disastrous Kaffir war broke out, and that it was going on the whole time of his stay. That very

war caused the utter destruction of Livingstone's own little missionary settlement, Kolobeng, some months later by the enraged Boers.

How my father contrived to be on such good terms with both sides I do not know, for certainly diplomacy was not one of his strong points. Probably his great physical strength and height made friendliness appear expedient.

The natives called him affectionately "M'tutla," which means the "giraffe," in allusion to his stature, and, I imagine, to his gentleness, for, like so many big, powerful men, he was singularly quiet and gentle in his voice and movements, and of a patience and sweetness of temper I have rarely seen equalled. He had a curious sympathy with sick people, and was what women call "a born nurse." If any one were ill, and he saw their sufferings, there was nothing he would not do on their behalf. He had, moreover, the true surgeon's hand, long fingered, delicate, and supple; and in spite of its strength and size, singularly soft of texture and touch. Children and animals loved him intuitively, and I doubt not the natives felt the same attraction, and were drawn to him accordingly.

CHAPTER II

IN SOUTH AFRICA

IT was in December 1850 that my father, having completed his preparations for a long absence, left England for Cape Colony. He did not start alone, for he had with him as companion an old Eton friend and brother officer, Captain William Codrington of Wroughton, near Swindon.¹ As a traveller Captain Codrington had many merits, being extremely plucky and an excellent rider and shot. When a lad at Eton he had been captain of the boats—a position of no small authority. He had now grown into a big, powerful man of iron health and nerve, but his chief characteristic in after life was a wonderful capacity for silence—a quality that earned for him among his intimates the nickname of “Tacitus.” Possibly he was no less excellent a travelling companion on this account, but at times it naturally caused his society to become somewhat monotonous. It is a tradition that he could pass whole days, and even weeks, without uttering more than an occasional monosyllable, and then generally only in answer to a question.

¹ Captain Codrington subsequently married my father's second sister Cecilia.

He was readier with his pen than with his tongue; and, happily, kept a journal. Although the entries in it are as laconic as could be expected from his character, it is possible from it and from a few letters written at the same time by my father, to give a fairly accurate account of their life in Africa at this period.

The two friends sailed in the *Bosphorus*, touching Madeira, Sierra Leone, and St Helena on the way out. The voyage took forty days; then considered a very good passage. From the outset my father was charmed with his new surroundings, although it was a disappointment to hear upon their arrival at Cape Town that the Kaffir war had broken out, and was already making the ordinary mode of access to the interior so difficult that they would probably be obliged to reach it by means of a further voyage to Port Natal or Durban. "If we fail in that I shall go to the war," adds my father simply; but apparently it was sufficient to go by sea as far as Grahamstown, for the next letter is dated Colesberg.

Colesberg was in those days little more than a rough village, although owing to the unsettled state of the country a detachment of English troops had for some time been quartered there. In one sense Colesberg may be said to have been my father's headquarters for the next two years, since it boasted of several large stores, and the party returned thither for supplies, both after their first journey and during the following year.

For the rest of the time, except for a brief visit to Durban and Pietermaritzburg, on their

way to the Limpopo a year later, they were practically away from civilisation. These were then primitive Dutch towns, the former little more than a fishing village, although the chief seaport of Natal.

During the second year of their stay in the interior, the war increased so much in violence as to cut them off from outside communication. For over six months they were given up for dead, as their complete silence and the alarming accounts of the outrages perpetrated by both Kaffirs and Boers made their position appear most perilous to all their friends.

The expedition consisted of three great waggons, drawn then, as now, by teams of oxen, and in those vehicles the party slept and lived when not actually engaged in hunting. It was at best a slow and tedious mode of progression, since under the most favourable conditions thirty miles a day was thought excellent work. Often in the wilds it was still less, as there were then neither roads nor tracks of any kind.

They had with them three white servants, including a Scotsman, Douglas Stewart by name, whom I myself remember years afterwards as a keeper at Newstead. There were in addition some six or seven Hottentots, no very numerous retinue when one considers that they had some ninety oxen, forty or fifty horses, and two score dogs to look after. Twelve oxen formed the team of each waggon, while the remainder ran loose to supplement or replace the others as required.

They had a good supply of general stores,

and ammunition in abundance, but few luxuries beyond tea, coffee, sugar, flour, and salt. For food, therefore, they depended almost entirely upon the game they shot, and such scanty supplies as could be procured from the natives on the way.

If they had more fresh meat than they could dispose of, it was cut into strips and dried in the sun to form "biltong," when it became the staple diet of both dogs and Hottentots, the latter preferring it to any other provisions.

Once properly prepared and dried it lost all semblance of meat, and could be carried about in the form of huge faggots. Several times the waggons themselves were festooned with it, and appeared to be decorated for some gala occasion.

The number of dogs seems somewhat excessive, but they were a real necessity to such a party, not only for actual hunting purposes, but also to guard the oxen and horses at night, the whole country being over-run with lions.

The dogs themselves were merely native curs of all sizes and colours. To collect such a number the following simple, but ingenious method was employed.

In the towns and villages of the Cape in those remote days, there were sundry regulations, and any one wishing to keep a dog had to apply to the police for a metal label to be attached to its collar, much as is the case nowadays abroad. The charge for the label was only about a shilling; the police at the same time gave notice that any dog found without one after a certain date would be destroyed.

My father and uncle, therefore, gave instructions to the police to save for their inspection a lot of the condemned animals. From these they selected any that appeared suitable, whilst the unfortunate remainder were left to their fate.

The best dog they ever had for lion-hunting was, oddly enough, a sheep-dog. He was so brave that he brought two out of three lions to bay in one day. Both were shot, and proved to be full-grown males, although without manes. When a lion attempted to run away—and in actual practice the king of the beasts is often very cowardly—this sheep-dog would catch him by the hind-leg, nimbly jumping aside when the lion faced about. He would then stand and bark, which was far better for the hunters than actually attacking the lion, since by these means the dog escaped being torn himself.

From any but Captain Codrington, such an assertion might sound somewhat of a traveller's tale; but as the following entry in his journal shows he could hardly be accused of exaggerating his adventures:

*"5th June.—*Trekked five hours. Got before the waggons. Was pulled down by a lion, which I shot before he could bite the horse."

In reference to this incident, when some years later an old friend said to him: "It was touch and go for you with the lion, wasn't it?" Captain Codrington merely replied: "A close shave for the horse."

My father was always very fond of dogs, and many of these African curs were regarded as

personal friends. The names of Vic, Turpin, Filbert, Spot, and Winkle appear over and over again as behaving with especial credit. Vic came to a sad end, however, being torn so badly by a lion that she had to be shot immediately after the death of her antagonist. The only marvel, indeed, was that this did not happen more often, for lions were so plentiful, and the dogs became so used to them, that on one occasion they actually attacked an old lioness close to the waggon and turned her over on their own account, although she was eventually despatched by a shot in the ribs. A few days later another lion, being brought to bay and shot through the shoulder, lay down and fought the dogs for over ten minutes before he died, Captain Codrington for once being unable to help them as his supply of bullets was exhausted.

It must be borne in mind that at this date it was a real public service to rid these regions of dangerous beasts, whose presence in such numbers formed the chief impediment to any improvement. Traders did little or nothing in this direction, and even the regular elephant hunters were so much more intent upon ivory, that they rarely went out of their way to waste bullets upon lions and black rhinoceros. The latter were often by far the more dangerous animals, and by no means easy to shoot. They were also so numerous that my father saw no less than twelve specimens in one day. My uncle says, in his journal, that they killed so many that at last he hardly troubled to write them down, regarding them "much as one would rabbits in England." I believe, however,

that they secured seventy-eight in a single year. Nevertheless, it was not mere slaughter for the sake of sport. Useless butchery, such as the killing of beautiful antelopes by the score for no object, my father never approved of, and although the whole country was over-run with game; except for actual food or to secure rare specimens or exceptionally good heads, he never shot game indiscriminately, as he did the destructive beasts.

In some sense, also, it was only fair to the Kaffir tribes amongst whom they travelled, that they should profit by the supplies of fresh meat as a recompense for their help and good-will. Rhinoceros flesh was to English taste very tough and unpalatable, but the natives delighted in it, and the shooting of these animals, therefore, fulfilled a double duty.

The country between Kuruman, the Moffats missionary station, and Kolobeng, where Dr Livingstone's house was situated some two hundred miles to the northward, was particularly infested with lions and rhinoceros. A few years before, Dr Moffat's younger daughter Ann, then quite a young girl, undertook the journey in order to keep Mrs Livingstone company at Mabotsa, whilst Dr Livingstone was absent building a house for her at the new temporary station Chonuane.

She travelled quite alone, save for a native maid and the two Kaffir waggon boys, and it is noteworthy that the only danger thought of in those days was that from lions and other wild beasts. Danger from man there was none—rather

a melancholy reflection upon our boasted civilisation of present times, when few women would care to attempt such a solitary and unprotected journey.

She returned home after a few months' visit in the same way, and this time was not as fortunate, for her oxen were stampeded by a lion, and one was actually devoured within hearing. But for the refuge afforded by the waggon itself, the whole party must have been eaten also. This story, which is told in the quietest way in the life of the Moffats, gives such a vivid picture of the risks then run in daily life from savage beasts as to smother all sentimental regret at their present extinction in those regions.

CHAPTER III

THE LIVINGSTONES AT HOME

MY father and his party trekked direct to the northward, being naturally impatient to reach the land of lions and elephants without delay. To achieve this, they passed through Kuruman, Dr Moffat's missionary settlement, then, as ever, an example of what zeal, patience, and, it may be added, common sense, could effect in transforming the wildest country into a peaceable and happy district. Thenceforward my father's letters home contain many references to the "missionaries," and their kindness to him. Although he mentions no names these can only refer to the Moffats and to Dr Livingstone, for the expedition was by this time beyond the reach of any other British settlement of the sort, nor was he intimate with any other missionaries that I am aware of.¹

Unhappily I cannot say with any certainty when and where he first met Dr Livingstone, although I have always heard it occurred through my father being taken seriously ill with fever on his first expedition. He was far away from all

¹ It will be remembered that nearly all Dr Livingstone's journals of these years were destroyed in the Boers' raid on Kolobeng. Hence the difficulty of verifying dates, especially as my uncle's journal of this first year is also not forthcoming.

medical help, when, by chance, Dr Livingstone heard through the natives that an unknown white traveller lay grievously sick some distance off, and at once set out in search of the stranger, taking with him such remedies as his own experience knew were likely to be of use.

He managed to find my father's waggons, when his care promptly cured him. My father's gratitude was unbounded as he always declared that he owed his life to Livingstone's ready kindness.

It is likely that they may have come across each other in the early autumn (which, be it remembered, is the African spring-time) in the Zouga district, during the Livingstones' return journey, shortly before the birth of little Oswell Livingstone. If this last supposition is correct, the unexpected and timely gift of the two bottles of wine, so gratefully recorded by Dr Livingstone as savouring of the miraculous, would at once be explained; for in these wilds no one but my father would be likely to have wine at all. The few traders may have had brandy or spirits, but certainly not wine. My father, however, rarely, if ever, touched spirits, but probably had with him a few bottles of wine for use in illness.

This meeting, whilst both parties were living in waggons, would also satisfactorily account for their speedy intimacy; for there is no surer method of becoming well acquainted than by being travelling companions, and if this is true of civilised Europe how much more does it apply to savage Africa?

The delicious climate, the wild, free life, the

marvellous flowers of an African spring, and, above all, the gigantic *morvenas* or baobab trees enchanted my father. To the last named he refers again and again, and also to the courtesy of the missionaries in procuring for him such seeds, bulbs, and native curiosities as he wished to send home.

It seems incontestable that towards the beginning of October they met Mr Oswell on his way south alone from Lake 'Ngami, when my father was happily able to be of some little service in supplying him with lead, as he had run out of bullets.¹ Like every one else who had the privilege of knowing Mr Oswell, my father had the greatest admiration for him. In Africa there was no hunter to be compared with him, and his courtesy and nobility of character were as conspicuous as his courage. On the present occasion Mr Oswell had hurried on in advance of the Livingstone family for the generous purpose of procuring a very necessary outfit for Mrs Livingstone and her children, their garments having by time and travel been reduced to such rags—albeit well-mended—as to be hardly fit for their appearance in Cape Town, much less for the proposed voyage home.

¹ Mr Oswell records this incident with his usual graciousness in his "Big Game" volume of the Badminton Library, and it is also mentioned in his son's "Memoirs," although there is a slight slip both as to the year and the name of my father's travelling companion—he giving the date as 1850 (the year before) and confusing Captain Codrington with Captain Ernest Shelley, who was also in South Africa, but, I think, in the previous year. The error is probably due to Mr Oswell's trusting to his memory, having at that time destroyed his own diaries of the period in question.

He told no one of his intention, and made light of the gift when the time came, declaring with graceful tact, when Dr Livingstone demurred at its acceptance, that "surely Mrs Livingstone had a right to a share of the game on her own preserves"—a pretty speech, and worthy of the giver.

He has left an even more charming impression of his kindness in a letter written by him, years later, to Agnes Livingstone, when he reminds her that he can claim to be really one of her oldest friends, telling her of how he played with her as a "tiny tot," and of how he always thinks of her as she was then, sitting under the old *cameeldorn* trees at the turn of the Zouga where her little brother Oswell—his namesake—was born, playing at making tea, with the pods and seeds as tea-things, little Agnes then being his hostess—a never-to-be-forgotten word picture, and one to which I hope some day an artist will do justice upon canvas.

One may, in any case, confidently assert that my father and uncle were at Kolobeng during the autumn of 1851, when the Livingstone family stopped there to rest for a short time after their return from Lake 'Ngami. They must, therefore, have been Mrs Livingstone's last white visitors. It is interesting to think that my father was thus one of the few who saw Dr Livingstone surrounded by his family in the only real home he ever possessed. Brief was its duration, however, for even then Dr Livingstone was on his way to Cape Town, there to send his wife and children to England, knowing as he did the perils they

would run from the Boers if they remained longer with him.

His wisdom in taking this course was proved before a year was out, for during his absence Kolobeng was pillaged, the mission house completely gutted, and all his worldly goods, including his journals and papers, destroyed or stolen.

Dr Livingstone's kindness to my father may even be considered the indirect cause of this calamity, Sechéli, the Bechuana chief, having, upon Dr Livingstone's recommendation, allowed the hunting expedition to proceed northwards without hindrance, and thereby affording the Boers an ostensible pretext for the outrage. Sechéli and my father were from the first the best of friends, and as a child many were the stories told me of the black chief's kindness and generosity. A tangible token of his regard in the shape of a beautiful leopard skin kaross, was for long in daily use as carriage rug at Newstead.

He must have been a truly fine character, not only intelligent and honourable, but singularly well-bred in his ideas, and far removed from all popular conceptions of an African savage. His loyalty and friendship for Dr Livingstone are too well known for comment. He was also a sincere Christian, his only stumbling-block being a reluctance to part from his former wives, and this rather from a chivalrous unwillingness to dismiss them for no fault of their own than from any other motive.

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Of Mrs Livingstone's kindness my father

always spoke most gratefully, also of her great skill as a housewife—a talent to which Dr Livingstone himself has testified in many places. This gift she doubtless inherited from her mother, Mrs Moffat, and the excellent home training at Kuruman, which, notwithstanding the many difficulties to be surmounted, was a model of order and even of comfort.

My father told me that Mrs Livingstone's skill upon the occasion of this visit to Kolobeng nearly cost him dear, as on the very day of his arrival she had just baked a batch of excellent loaves. Filled with hospitality, she set one before him. The luxury of good bread after six months' absence in the wilds was almost impossible to realise, and to his shame, be it said, he could not resist its allurements and ate and ate, with the result that he became afterwards so ill, that Dr Livingstone had to be called in for a second time to cure him.

I remember the story well, as he hardly ever saw hot loaves afterwards without recalling with a laugh his own greediness and unlucky experience of Mrs Livingstone's delicious and too seductive bread.

Next to her excellent housewifery, my father was most struck by her self-command, as shown when a gigantic centipede was suddenly observed upon her arm. It was some six or seven inches long, and as her sleeves were turned up at the time (she being busy with some household work) it was the more alarming. Such centipedes are

dangerous as well as loathsome, since they can inflict a very painful wound. To attempt its removal would have only precipitated the catastrophe, and her companions, therefore, could but watch its movements in helpless horror. But she was not Dr Moffat's daughter and Livingstone's wife for nothing, even where a centipede was concerned. Equal to the occasion, and with a quiet word of reassurance, she stood perfectly still, whilst the repulsive creature ran over her bare skin until at last it reached her dress. Then, like St Paul, she shook it off unharmed, and its swift destruction followed.

My father declared that although this might seem a small thing compared to other dangers, yet it always remained in his mind as the most surprising example of nerve he had ever seen in a woman. He even doubted whether any of the men present could have shown such self-control.

Another illustration of her courage is given by Mr Oswell during the 'Ngami journey a short time before, when the waggon in which she was travelling caught fire. There were, as she knew well, more than a hundred pounds of gunpowder in it, but she did not stir, contenting herself with calling to her husband who happened to be near: "David! David! come and put it out."

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It may interest some to know that in appearance Mrs Livingstone was rather under the middle height, and of very sturdy build, with very dark hair and eyes, and a complexion much

tanned by the African sun. Although with no pretensions to beauty, she had a pleasant face, and her smile was bright and kind. Like Dr Livingstone himself she was always scrupulously neat and tidy in her dress and person, even under the trying conditions of African journeyings.

Life was hard for missionaries' wives in those days; but wherever she was — at Mabotsa, Chonuane, Kolobeng, or even in a waggon, she succeeded in creating some semblance of a comfortable home.

In Dr Livingstone's own words some years later, "at the missionary station the wife must be maid - of - all - work within, as the husband must be Jack-of-all-trades without."

CHAPTER IV

BOERS AND NATIVES

EARLY in the succeeding year (1852) my father and Captain Codrington, after a short period of rest, proceeded to Port Elizabeth or Grahamstown and thence to Durban by sea; for this time they purposed to pass through Natal to the comparatively unexplored Limpopo district, where it was reported that big game, and especially elephants, were even more plentiful than they had been around the Orange River.

Upon arrival at Durban they trekked to Bloemfontein, then hardly more than a rough village, and proceeded forthwith to the north, passing through Kolobeng on the way, where they left all their superfluous stores and oxen in Sechéli's care. They then went towards the Limpopo River country, where, as they anticipated, they had excellent sport, securing in one month alone no less than seventeen elephants, which even in those days was considered exceptional. On their return journey the progress of the Kaffir war was sharply brought home to them by the sight of its devastations. I cannot do better as to this than to quote *verbatim*

from the brief entries written at the time in my uncle's journal.

"*2nd October 1852.*—Piet went to Kolobeng, Livingstone's missionary station, and found it burnt."

"*6th October.*—Kaffirs came from Sechéli and told us that Boers had taken all our oxen and the horses we had left, shot a lot of his Kaffirs and wounded him in the arm."

"*7th October.*—Trekped three hours in the morning to Kolobeng. Saw about a dozen skeletons of Kaffirs who had been shot down by Boers."

The Boers also took all the stores of coffee, sugar, flour, tea, and other necessities that had been left in Sechéli's keeping, to the honest chief's great distress. Dr Livingstone refers to this in his letter to his wife, recounting the destruction of their house, and (dated September the same year, although he omits names), referring to my father and uncle as "the gentlemen who went to the north." Dr Livingstone's generosity and delicacy on this occasion, as regards the share of "the gentlemen" in bringing about the catastrophe, is as conspicuous as usual, for there is not one word of reproach, although it is abundantly evident that to this the loss of all his wordly goods might be assigned.

The end of October found my father's party at Kuruman on their way south. It was looking its best in the full glow of the glorious South African spring; and with its neat mission buildings, wide grassy street, fruit trees and

general appearance of order and care must have accentuated the sad scenes they had just passed through.

At this season of the year, indeed, Kuruman blossomed like the rose, and was most attractive. Its sloping hills were clothed with wide stretches of syringa in full bloom, whilst nearer at hand even more fragrant orange groves were bursting into flower, and a magnificent pomegranate hedge was, in Mrs Moffat's own words, "incomparable in its dazzling scarlet."

On 29th October my uncle writes in his journal :

"Surprised to see how attentive the Kaffirs were during service in church. Dr Livingstone there, preparing for his great journey!

"Mr Moffat, Dr Livingstone's brother-in-law, has a printing press, and the work was being done by Kaffirs educated by him."

Then follow a few warm words of praise as to the value of the missionary work of the Moffats, and their goodness and hospitality, which means the more, as in some of my father's letters home at this time, other missionaries are not spoken of in nearly such an appreciative way. They do not, indeed, appear to have been, generally speaking, of a very high class at that period, and in particular to have been devoid of the saving grace of common sense that was such a marked feature in all the Moffats' undertakings, and which caused their Christian devotion to be all the more effectual.

A letter from my father written to his mother

a little later gives an even fuller picture of the situation.

“COLESBERG, 1st December 1852.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,—I intend going to Cape Town this week if possible.

“You can have no idea in England of the difficulty of going 500 miles in this country.

“Our Hottentots are all drunk of course !

“It is with the utmost difficulty we can get anything done at all.

The country seems quite cold here now, although everybody complains of the heat.

“There is not a blade of grass within a hundred miles of this place. Corn and everything else having been devoured by the locusts, and unless we have rain soon, lots of cattle must die from want. We have lost forty-one horses and sixty oxen on this trip, and had some degree of difficulty in getting out.

“I am getting sick of shooting, only caring now about killing elephants and lions. I hope next year to get very far in.

“Nearly all the hunters have stuck fast in the interior.

“The Kaffir war is going on rather worse than usual, and I think will last another year at least.

“There is a great gold mania in the Colony, and I think it likely some will be found in some part of it.

“The emigrant Boers have taken two missionaries prisoners, and have burnt several stations. We passed one place with a good many skeletons lying on it, and the dogs eating them.

“I have plenty of the seed of the largest tree in the world,¹ seldom less than 70 feet round.

¹ This evidently refers to the Baobab (*Adamsonia digitata*), then the largest known tree in the world. The Californian Sequoia Gigantea (*Wellingtonia*) was—except, perhaps, locally—unknown until 1852, and did not reach England until 1853.

Perhaps it would grow in a greenhouse. It is very hard to get seeds, as we are up at the wrong time of year, and nearly all the colony ones are common in England. I have asked the missionaries to try.

“Codrington will start soon for England I think. I have no more news by this post.—Your affectionate son,
W. F. WEBB.”

In the light of after developments, it is interesting to hear that one of the three white attendants of the party had been a short time previously a gold-digger in California and probably one of the “Argonauts of '49.” This man greatly diverted his companions by not only continually declaring that he knew the country must be full of gold “by the look of it,” but by constructing a rude “cradle” with which he diligently tried his luck whenever they camped near a stream. He never gave up his hopes, but, of course, there was no result, and he never even saw the “colour”—South African gold lying in reefs or *leads*, not being alluvial or found in nuggets.

As will be seen from his letter, my father always believed in the rich, auriferous future of South Africa, and was possibly even influenced by this man’s steadfast assertions, for he was never surprised at the discoveries in later years.

He has also often spoken to me of the brilliant and strange quality of some of the crystals and pebbles they picked up, and went so far as to say, that probably in their ignorance they had thrown away, not once but many times, gems, and possibly even diamonds of great value, for at that time he had not begun to study mineralogy

and geology as he did later. Amongst his other regrets he mentioned having repeatedly noticed heaps of strangely shaped rocks in the far distance, that looked to him so like old ruins that he longed to explore them; but the Kaffirs each time he expressed his intention of doing this put forward some ingenious excuse, and diverted his project, either raising plausible objections, or more often pretending that elephants had been seen in the opposite direction, which, of course, was to him then, as they knew well, the stronger allurements.

They seemed very shy always at being even questioned as to these rocks, and extremely superstitious as to approaching them, and as it was best to humour them in such matters, and my father not dreaming at the time of the possibility of ancient ruins on such a scale in such a place, he missed his chance, much to his chagrin in after years.

Of all his escapes and the dangers he ran I cannot tell here. He seemed to possess almost a charmed life, and his adventures were to my young mind far more fascinating than any fairy tale.

On two separate occasions he nearly died of thirst in the cruel Kalahari desert.

The first time he was on foot and alone, having lost himself; and so great were his straits that at length he was forced to drink the still warm blood of an antelope that he had shot in despair. Horrible as this last resource was, it kept him alive until some of his Kaffirs tracked him and brought him back safely to the camp.

His second adventure of the kind, although bad enough, was not quite so terrible, for he had a native boy with him, and they came across an ostrich's store of eggs. It was a godsend at that moment, but when they broke the shells it was only to find that the whole lot contained young and even living birds. To the Kaffir this meant little; but although my father was compelled by necessity to suck his share, his loathing can be imagined.

A more pleasing story, in which an ostrich egg also plays the principal part, was that once my father, weary of his constant meat diet, longed for a pudding as a change, and after much cogitation determined to make one for himself from an ostrich's egg, of which at that time they had plenty of fresh ones. He had a hazy idea—correct as far as it went—that with eggs, flour, and sugar the desired end could be brought about; and that half an ostrich's egg or less could be substituted for a dozen ordinary hen's eggs. He broke off the top of one of the huge eggshells and emptied half of its contents, and proceeded to beat the rest vigorously, adding from time to time all the sugar he could spare. Having no pie dish or oven he had to make use of the eggshell itself for the purpose by placing it standing in the hot embers of the camp fire, and then he stirred and stirred again, sifting in finally some flour. Quite tired out he then left it, hopefully awaiting at least a pudding "of sorts." But when he looked at it again he found, to his amazement, no pudding was there but a very passable sponge-cake, as light as the proverbial feather, had risen

during his absence and overflowed its eggshell mould on every side.

All wondered at this unlooked for skill as a confectioner, but, alas ! for his reputation as a cook, the happy accident could never be repeated.

The following was another anecdote that amused me much. It was the custom to stop and "out-span" their waggons at the few Boer farms they passed on their way, and to interchange calls with their owners was a matter of etiquette on such occasions. My father understood well how much importance they attached to such forms, and never neglected them, nor did he make the common mistake of hurrying his hosts. Their farms were rough, homely dwellings, but by no means devoid of much rude plenty, and even comfort, for the Boer women then, as now, were excellent house-keepers; and in their own peculiar way the Boers were exceedingly hospitable to strangers, if courteously treated in return.

One evening late they outspanned to spend Sunday at just such a farm. A large and exceedingly dirty farmyard, full of slimy ooze, faced the house; and, owing to their arriving at nightfall, their three waggons were drawn up close to its unsavoury edge. With the dawn the Boer owner was at my father's waggon to greet him, and prepared to install himself there for the entire day. He was duly provided with tobacco and food, and sat in watchful silence whilst my father completed his toilet, the mysteries of which appearing to puzzle him not a little. When at last the time came for my father to brush his teeth, the Boer's eyes grew yet rounder, and no sooner was the process completed than it

was my father's turn to be amazed, for his guest without a word seized upon the tooth brush, and with great deliberation began to follow his example, and a few minutes later restored the brush composedly to its rightful owner. With a pardonable impulse of disgust my father flung it away and it fell into the centre of the filthy yard, but beyond a grunt the Boer appeared to notice nothing, and alternately smoking and eating continued to sit by them all that day, now and then gazing thoughtfully on the vast midden before him. Not till it grew dark did he prepare to depart to his own home. Then, calling his Kaffir boys, he signified to my father that he wished to be lent a lantern. This seemed rather a work of supererogation, as his dwelling was only on the other side of the yard; but as he insisted on it with calm obstinacy my father, of course, consented. He then gave some order in Dutch to his Kaffirs, who at once plunged into the mire and began regularly to "quarter" the yard. Presently there was a shout of triumph, and one held up a small dripping object, which the Boer took from him.

"Fur myne Vrow and kinder," he murmured, as tenderly wiping it he placed it in his pocket.

It was the tooth brush!

He used also to tell me about his two pet lion cubs, "Abraham" and "Sarah." These he had acquired when they were no larger than pug dogs, and they were so tame as to spring on his lap and purr when stroked, exactly like kittens, betraying only by their immense muscular strength their royal race.



W. F. WEBB.

From the picture by J. B. Harrison at Newstead Abbey.

In spite of their fascinating ways and their tameness, the day came when Abraham's claws, although only used with playful intent, inflicted such serious scratches even through my father's tough leather trousers (in Cape parlance, "crackers") as to leave him scarred for life. Reluctantly he realised that to keep them would be no longer reasonable; and accordingly the distinguished couple was secured and despatched with many instructions to the Zoological Gardens at Cape Town. When he was in Cape Town on his way to India he paid his lions a visit, and they knew him again, coming to the bars of their cage when he called, arching their backs and purring in quite their old style, although they were by this time more than half grown.

Almost the only drawback he found in his African life was the absence of books, for he had a marvellous memory and was an omnivorous reader. Among the small number he had with him was Longfellow's *Evangeline*, and to the end of his life he could repeat the whole poem by heart—a great surprise to some, who never imagined him to be at all poetical. Certainly, however, he always loved *Evangeline*, probably from the associations with his African days, and a quotation from it invariably pleased him.

There were many other stories, I remember them now but indistinctly; Africa played such a familiar part in our childhood's days as to be almost as real to us as our home surroundings. As to my father himself, it is not too much to affirm that the two years he spent there set their mark on his whole after life.

I recollect when with him as a young girl

coming, much to our surprise, on his old African kit which had long lain forgotten in the drawer of an antique cabinet. He took out the faded red shirt and "crackers," and handled—I might almost say caressed—them, with tears in his eyes. He told me how happy he had been when he wore them last.

I remember also a year or two later that he seemed to be much preoccupied, and finally exclaimed with deep feeling, "How difficult life is; and how willingly would I give ten years of England for one year in South Africa!" I never forgot his expression as he spoke, but it was not until many years later that I learnt it had then been intimated to him, semi-officially, that if he cared to accept the post, the Governorship of Natal was open to him.

It was a true piece of self-denial on his part to refuse it, for it was done for our sakes. We were at that time growing up, and as my two brothers were but schoolboys, my mother was naturally averse to breaking up the home and leaving all his duties in England to go so far away for many years. Very possibly she was right in her objections.

He never spoke of this proposal to any one. Even to his most intimate friends it remained a secret; but at this distance of time, there can be no indiscretion in mentioning the fact. Whether he had the requisite qualities for a good Governor must for ever remain unknown, and it is now useless to speculate on the probable consequences.

He was an indifferent public speaker, and had

had, of course, but little training in routine; but, on the other hand, he possessed in their place two even more valuable qualifications—a genuine love and enthusiasm for South Africa, such as in those days was most unusual, and an instinctive knowledge of the Boers' character, joined to a knack of getting on with them that might have proved invaluable.

When forty years afterwards he was in Cape Colony with my dear mother, during her last illness, this was manifested unexpectedly. Many of his former Boer acquaintances, hearing of his return, came long distances for the express purpose of seeing him once more, and exchanging a few words.

To me, who knew him so well, it always seemed that he was taken away from the evil to come, in that he died before the South African War broke out. He would have felt it so keenly, the more so that for years he had foreseen it, as the inevitable result of mistakes in British policy. His view being that whilst the Boers had not been ill-treated by the British Government—far from that—they had yet, from sheer want of knowledge and want of tact, often been lamentably mishandled.

CHAPTER V

SMIKE

THE extraordinary faculty my father possessed for winning the devoted affection of his native servants cannot be better illustrated than with the story of SMIKE.

The party was on trek, and had fortunately an ample store of "biltong," but by some mischance, or more probably through the haste with which, on this occasion, it was obliged to be prepared, it had, as they say in the Highlands, "gone wrong," and, save by dogs and natives, would have been thought quite unfit for food. Indeed, my father's disgust at its horrible smell was so great that he had wished to throw it away; but was, fortunately as the event proved, deterred from doing so, else it would have gone hardly with their large party.

One day, as they were slowly trekking along, they saw near the track, lying under a tree, what they at first took to be the corpse of a Kaffir lad. Such sad sights had since the war been far from uncommon. But this time, on looking closer, the poor creature was found, although reduced by starvation to little more than a skeleton, to retain some tokens of life. My father had him lifted and carried to his own waggon, where he nursed and attended to him in every possible way, with

the result that in a few days the boy recovered sufficiently to explain that he had been left for dead after some skirmish between the Kaffirs and the Boers, and had given up all hope of being rescued.

He was still such a miserable object that my father, ever a devoted admirer of Dickens, gave him promptly the name of "Smike," and each day seemed to make it more appropriate, for the black Smike's adoration for his new master was curiously like that of his namesake in "Nicholas Nickleby."

As he grew stronger, he became so ravenously hungry that had it not been for the very unsavoury and odorous stock of "biltong," there would have been great difficulty in supplying him with food. The whole party, now being on short commons, as game was very scarce, and, owing to the destruction of the villages by the Boers, it was no longer possible to get the former supplies of milk and other simple fare from the natives. Luckily, Smike was not dainty, and would eat anything and everything. The condemned "biltong" exactly suited his taste; he even throve on it, and rapidly became so plump and well-liking as to belie his new name.

On my father's arrival at Colesberg he was greatly concerned as to Smike's future, for which he felt himself in a way responsible; and, although he did not think it expedient to take the boy with him to India, he made ample provision for his future with friends at Cape Town, and almost arranged for Smike to be sent home to my

grandmother in England. He even went so far as to assure her, in a very characteristic letter, that, "without joking," he was sure "Smike had the makings of a capital servant." Rather happily for the tranquillity of my grandmother's well-ordered, early Victorian household, it was decided, after my father's departure, that a wild Kaffir boy was more likely to do well in service in Cape Town than in England. He was, therefore, trained first as a waiter in one of the hotels, and later developed into the trusted servant in a well-known Cape official's family, where he was much valued.

The poor fellow was himself terribly loth to leave my father, to whom he had given one of those passionate and loyal devotions that are, perhaps, only to be found in their full perfection among the dark races.

He never forgot his first white master, and all he had done for him in his hour of need, every year a letter duly arrived about Christmas-time full of gratitude and good wishes, always ending with describing, with some complacency, the very great esteem and consideration with which he himself was now regarded by those who knew him, and how excellently he was getting on in the world. In due time came the news that he had grown so rich he could think of taking a wife; then his marriage, followed by the announcement of various children. This was all very well and gratifying; but my mother was divided between annoyance and laughter, when, a few years later, the usual Christmas letter informed my father that Smike's affairs were now so prosperous that

he had thought it incumbent on his dignity to take a second wife, adding, to make matters worse :

“ I am now such a good boy, I am no longer called ‘ Smique,’ but am known by my dear, good master’s own name, and so I now sign myself,
—Ever your most obedient faithful servant,

“ WILLIAM FREDERICK WEBB,
once ‘ Smique.’ ”

His letter was, of course, written by a professional letter writer, for, with all his new accession to dignity, I do not think he had time to acquire the arts of reading and writing himself. It may as well here be told that many years later Smique accompanied his Cape employers to London on a short visit, and, of course, at once informed my father of the fact ; in truth, I rather fancy he had left his excellent master no peace until permission was obtained to accompany his family on their voyage home, as his desire once more to see my father was so strong.

Unfortunately, I was not a witness myself of the meeting between my father and Smique, but I heard of it afterwards from my mother. She said it was one of the most surprising, and, to her, touching sights she had ever seen. The door opened and Smique entered, quietly enough, but at the first glimpse of my father, with a cry of “ Baas ! Baas ! ” he fell actually on all fours before him, and, bursting into mingled tears and laughter, almost embraced his feet ; then, whilst my father stood looking very tall and magnificent and somewhat at a loss, poor Smique commenced

to dance and frisk round him more like a great dog, than a grown man of over forty, and a most respectable butler! He was evidently much pleased with and impressed by my mother, but she was a mere incident, and all his looks showed that my father was still his never-forgotten master. The meeting had the unhappy result that after he had seen my father Smike's fixed idea was to come back to him; and in spite of being reminded of the two wives and families he had left behind at Cape Town, he implored to be taken once more into my father's service. Neither the cold nor separation from his African friends seemed to weigh with him; but my father, although he could not help being deeply touched by his gratitude and fidelity, was firm in his refusal, not only on account of the family ties and the duty he owed to his present master, but because he knew well that very rarely did English life or climate agree with Kaffirs. Very sadly, therefore, did poor Smike take his leave.

CHAPTER VI

AN INTERLUDE

EARLY in 1853 my father reluctantly bade farewell to Africa. He had contemplated a much larger and more elaborate expedition to the unexplored north, this time alone, Captain Codrington being obliged to return to England.

The Kaffir war showed no signs of abating. Indeed, my father's return journey had been, as we have seen, accomplished with difficulty, and not without far greater risk than he had cared to admit in his letters home.

Despite his enthusiastic praise of the climate and his superb general health, he had had two serious illnesses, the first, the fever cured by Dr Livingstone as already mentioned, and, later, a severe enteric attack. This last he had to struggle through as best he might whilst on trek, and a jolting Cape waggon is not an ideal hospital.

Besides this, he had fallen into an elephant trap and injured his knee; but the accident might so easily have been fatal, that he paid little heed at the time, to what he deemed a passing lameness, although it was followed in after years by serious consequences.

All these combined considerations doubtless induced his friends to dissuade him from further

travel. Moreover, the authorities were opposed to fresh difficulties arising between them and the Boers, owing to the passage of any hunters to the interior. Checked, therefore, in his schemes of exploration, my father turned his attention to India, of which he had heard so much that he wished to visit it before returning to England.

But after the free life of the African wilderness the India of those days failed to attract him. Even tiger-hunting was a disappointment, seeming with all its preparations and necessary adjuncts, comparatively tame and conventional after his adventures with lions and rhinoceros. He secured, at least, one fine tiger, if not more ; but he soon gave up the sport, preferring hereafter to devote himself to the less ambitious pursuit of adding to his already extensive collection of birds.

The end of the year saw him on his way home to England, and during his long absence he had at least achieved his wish, and grown from a tall, unformed lad into the man he had desired to become. No part of all his varied experience had been thrown away on him, and he had gained in knowledge and self-reliance past belief. Nor was his homeward voyage without an adventure that deserves to be recorded.

Whilst the steamer on which he was a passenger was passing through the Red Sea, there was a cry of alarm, and at once the news ran round that two lascars had fallen overboard.

“Surely the captain is going to stop the ship?” was, of course, the first query.

"No," came the callous answer, "not for mere lascars."

"Then perhaps they will for a passenger," exclaimed my father indignantly, and without a moment's hesitation he plunged into the water.

Upon his return to England my father found much business to attend to. His sister, Cecilia, married Captain Codrington about that time.

In the succeeding year the Crimean War broke out. This event affected my father deeply, the more so as by some mischance he was not at hand to bid good-bye to his only and much-loved brother, since at the last the 17th Lancers seem (so far as I can judge from the family letters) to have been sent off at very short notice.

In view of his early death, my uncle Augustus's joy and enthusiasm at the prospect of at last taking part in a real campaign, forms most pathetic reading. Like my father before him, he had fretted greatly at the barrack life at home, and ardently desired a larger and fuller sphere of action. I have already mentioned his presence and mortal wounds in the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, but I may now add details. He was one of the few who got right up to the guns apparently unscathed, there to be struck down by the murderous fire. How he was taken back into the British lines seems almost a miracle, for he had no fewer than nineteen wounds, including a shattered leg. Two of his troop were recommended for, and one, I am certain, received, the Victoria Cross for getting him off the field. He was only saved, however,

to die a fortnight later in the hospital at Scutari. Both during and after the voyage thither, amid all his sufferings, he kept his sweet temper, and was patient, cheerful, and even gay to the last. I have heard that one sympathising visitor who—knowing his passion for riding—asked him what he would do in the future, received the smiling reply: “My brother Willie is sure to look after me, and I can still yacht.” Upon another occasion, a day or two before his death, being asked whether he wished for anything, he answered happily, “I want nothing in this world except, perhaps, a pot of marmalade.”

He must, indeed, have possessed a most fascinating personality — very handsome, with black hair, Irish blue eyes, and the sweet temper and rather reckless disposition that often accompany the type; nothing distressed or daunted him for long.

Unfortunately, no portrait exists of him; but by a curious coincidence, my uncle, Gerald Goodlake, when young, resembled him so nearly in colouring and features that my father’s mother could never look at him unmoved.

To my father, Augustus’s death was a terrible blow, for from their earliest years the two brothers had been upon unusually affectionate terms, the slight difference in age making my father’s feeling towards his younger brother almost paternal. What made it the sadder was that, although my father left at once for the East in hopes of seeing him again, their two ships actually passed each other in the night. Whether this was before or after Balaclava, I am uncertain.

Besides his wish to see his brother once more, my father was anxious to render what service he could during the war. Hearing that some irregular regiments ("Bashi Bazouks") were being raised, he had hopes of being of some use to the authorities if he were on the spot. He was told that further particulars would be forthcoming at Smyrna, and accordingly proceeded thither to make enquiries.

The scheme fell through owing to a strange accident, which so nearly cost him his life as almost to deserve the name of an escape.

While on his voyage to Smyrna his hat was blown off, and, before landing himself, he had to trust to his dragoman to procure him a substitute, the sun being very fierce. To his dismay the dragoman — after the manner of his kind — returned on board with the most hideous *tarboosh* imaginable, half-hidden under a gigantic silk tassel. This he had bought, because it was the finest and most expensive in the bazaar. My father was righteously wrathful, although obliged to submit and to pay the extortionate price demanded for the aggressive tassel. The objectionable fez had to be worn, as no other head-gear was available.

Trivial as this incident appears, it proves the truth of the saying: "Nothing matters, but everything is important." For that very night, as he was returning to the ship, my father was waylaid by some well-armed ruffians. With great difficulty he succeeded in getting his back to a wall, and in keeping off his assailants. No doubt, his unusual height and length of limb helped him in

this. After some while aid arrived, and the miscreants were dispersed.

It was then found that his head was much cut and damaged; and but for the unusual size of the offending tassel, which had been almost cut through, he would certainly have been killed.

He was taken on board and the injury proved so severe as to end his hopes of active service at the time.

It is possible that this injury, and the subsequent weakness it occasioned, helped to intensify the grief he felt for his brother's death; nor did he fully recover his spirits until his marriage some three years afterwards to my mother, Miss Emilia Jane Goodlake, elder daughter of Thomas Mills Goodlake, Esq., of Wadley, Farringdon, Berkshire.

He found in my mother a most devoted wife, and with her, he was able to enjoy at last that happy home life for which he was peculiarly well-fitted.

CHAPTER VII

MRS LIVINGSTONE

IN 1856 Dr Livingstone returned to England. He had accomplished his first great journey across Africa, from Linyanti to Loanda ; and, thanks to him, the Zambesi was now no longer an unexplored region. His name was by this time well known as a missionary and explorer, and upon his return he received a warm welcome both from the Royal Geographical Society and the general public. What meant still more to him, he was at last re-united to his family. Indeed, to his poor wife, it was doubtless the only truly satisfactory time in her later married life. Mr Oswell has said of Mrs Livingstone "that during all the hardships of her travels with her husband in Africa, he never saw her fail him but once—when it was proposed to leave her behind."

It is well known that her courage, patience, and kindness were unfailing, and rose superior to all personal discomfort when with her husband in Africa. Yet, by an irony of fate, in order truly to help him in his labours, she was called upon to endure separation—with all the added trial of narrow means—in uncongenial surroundings.

It is pleasant to know that she had this peaceful

and happy year, and could rejoice in the public recognition of his services at last. She could hardly have been the very wifely woman she was, if his audience with the Queen, the bestowal upon him of the Royal Geographical Society's medal in 1850, and his other honours had not gratified her, and made her feel that the long years of sacrifice had not been in vain.

For, good and tender mother as she was, it is very evident that she was one of those women to whom children come as a secondary consideration. Her heart was ever with her husband, and she would have preferred to brave all perils with him, had she not recognised that her duty lay at home with her children during his long absence.

When, however, Dr Livingstone returned to Africa in 1858, she joyfully prepared to accompany him. They took with them only their youngest child, Oswell. Unhappily they had not gone further than Sierra Leone before it became evident that Mrs Livingstone's health was unequal to the hardships that lay before them. With heavy hearts it was decided that for the present she must be left with her parents at Kuruman, the old home of her girlhood.

Dr Livingstone, accordingly, after consigning her to the care of her parents at Cape Town, proceeded alone to the Zambesi, which he had undertaken to explore thoroughly. In those days news travelled so slowly that it was not until over eighteen months afterwards, he heard of the birth of a daughter at Kuruman.

Shortly after this event Mrs Livingstone, with



[Photo by F. Thurston.]

DR LIVINGSTONE AND HIS FAMILY.

1857-58.

[To face p. 48.]

her baby and little Oswell, returned to England. From thenceforth, she seems to have felt her loneliness more and more acutely, and to have literally pined for her husband and their free African life.

At length, nearly four years afterwards (in 1862) Dr Livingstone arranged for her to join him. He was then at the mouth of the Zambesi, where the climate was most trying and feverish; but this did not deter her from setting out at once, full of joy at the thought of being with her husband once more.

Their time together was brief enough, but it made them both very happy while it lasted. Dr Livingstone, however, remarked that with all her cheerfulness, his wife appeared to have a curious presentiment of approaching death. She was struck down by fever at Shupanga on the 21st of April 1862. It proved to be of a virulent type. Probably the continuous nervous strain she had endured for many years had sapped her constitution, for she died at the end of six days' illness, not three months after her arrival.

Her husband mourned for her sincerely, with a depth of passionate regret that came almost as a surprise to those who had not known them together. Her life had been in many ways a hard and sad one. Hardest and saddest of all were the long years of enforced inactivity in England.

Eager as she was for work, and only too ready to share all Dr Livingstone's privations, patience was for her, perhaps, the most difficult of virtues, but as he himself wrote at the time: "I loved her

when I married her, and the longer I lived with her, I loved her the more."

And these simple words would have been worth more to her than the most elaborate epitaph.

CHAPTER VIII

AGNES

WHEN, after six years' absence, Dr Livingstone returned to England in 1864, at the end of his second Zambesi expedition, he found an unexpectedly enthusiastic greeting awaiting him after his six years' absence in Africa. His reception in London both touched and surprised him ; and he would hardly have been human had he not been gratified at its warmth and at the attention he received both publicly and privately from the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, to the cordial greetings of his old friends, such as Sir Roderick Murchison, Mr Oswell, Mr James Young, and my father. Nevertheless, in spite of the praise and acclamation, he was in some ways far more to be pitied than on his former return, as now he had practically no home of his own.

It was true his aged mother still lived with his two sisters at his old home at Hamilton ; and thither he naturally resorted after his very short stay in London ; but it must have been with a pang of disappointment, that he found, on his arrival, his mother grown so infirm and old that she hardly recognised him. On the other hand, his younger child, Anna Mary, who had grown

up under their charge, was now a "nice, sprightly child," as he described her in his journal. It is a pathetic side-light on Livingstone's life and work, that, devoted father as he was, looking on each child, not, as many under the circumstances might have done, as a burden and responsibility, but as a new gift and blessing from God, he had never even beheld this youngest daughter, until he now saw her at Hamilton.

Born at Kuruman after he had left on his second Zambesi expedition, she was, when only a few months old, taken to Scotland by her mother to be left with the family there. Some two years later, Mrs Livingstone rejoined her husband in Africa, only shortly afterwards to die at Shupanga, as has been related.

Of his four remaining children, Robert, the eldest son, had left home some time previously and gone to the United States, where he enlisted in the Federal Army under an assumed name. He was wounded in one of the battles, taken prisoner, and a few months later died sadly enough in hospital. The uncertainty of his fate was a great anxiety to Dr Livingstone, and an even greater one to poor Agnes, who had been so much more thrown with her brother, and loved him intensely. I can remember myself very clearly certain hushed and sorrowful whispers between Agnes and our dear nurse as to poor Robert's possible whereabouts, and that kind soul's attempts at consolation. But although Dr Livingstone felt the trial acutely, he was too sensible and brave to allow it to weigh on him outwardly, as well as too unselfish to permit his grief to affect others

unduly. As he wrote to a friend of it at the time :—

“My son is in the Federal Army in America. The secret ballast is often applied by a kind hand above, when to outsiders we appear to be sailing gloriously with the wind.”

Agnes, Tom, and Oswell had been, of course, at school, although Agnes, grown into a tall girl, was now old enough to leave her lessons in order to be with her father, and accompany him to some of the public functions he was compelled to attend. From the first she seemed fitted to be his natural companion, and to rise superior to her years in this respect. As the weeks passed, and they grew to know each other yet more intimately, Agnes became his confidante and friend in a way permitted to few daughters. Circumstances, no doubt, contributed to this ; but, besides all else, there was a certain similarity of character that made them peculiarly responsive to each other. It is easy to read this fact between the lines of his later letters to her. (*See his Life and Journals*). To her he writes, and to her alone, as the one whom he can always trust to understand him without explanation. They had the same beautiful simplicity of character, the same directness of aim, the same strong sense of faith and duty, the same dislike of many words. Above all, both possessed in a remarkable degree that high courage, which, perhaps more than any other quality, is the strongest link between fine natures ; the kind of courage that is both moral and physical, and to be found in men and women alike.

Now Dr Livingstone had three principal objects in his return to England. The first was to see and renew his intercourse with his children, who had grown up in the interval. The second was to write his book, for which he had collected a mass of material, but for which also he needed proper leisure and freedom from anxiety. The third reason was to have a real rest and holiday before he proceeded again on what he now felt was his special task in Africa, and, this rest, as he well knew, was no mere self-indulgence, but an absolute necessity for the success of his future plans.

For all these purposes Hamilton was in many ways most inconvenient, its distance from London being a great drawback as far as his literary work was concerned; nevertheless, at this time, all pointed to his remaining there and making the best arrangements, under the circumstances, he could. But here the unforeseen stepped in, as often happens.

My father's recollection of Dr Livingstone's kindness to him in Africa thirteen years before, was still so vivid, that directly he heard he was returning home, he wrote to him to Bombay, entreating him to make Newstead his home during his stay in England — an invitation which was warmly seconded by my mother, although she and Dr Livingstone had not yet met. But my father had told her enough of the doctor's goodness to him in Africa, for her to take him on trust, and she already felt such gratitude to the benefactor, who had saved her husband's life, that she was ready to do anything she could to show her thankfulness. Indeed, although it was my father who initiated

the idea that Dr Livingstone should stay at Newstead, it was my mother that brought it to pass and caused Dr Livingstone's objections to melt one by one under her persuasions, for, at first, though evidently pleased and touched at my father's remembrance and gratitude, he made various excuses, and was reluctant to commit himself for so long a time to what were then unknown surroundings. His first reason was his dislike to separate from his newly-found children, and in particular from Agnes. But my mother at once warmly included Agnes in the invitation, and suggested that the two boys should pass a portion, at least, of their Christmas holidays at Newstead. Livingstone still hesitated; this time on account of his great wish to give Agnes, whilst with him, the opportunity of good music lessons. My mother again wrote and told him that such a comparative trifle must not stand in the way, promising that Agnes should have ample opportunity whilst staying with her to study music. At this Dr Livingstone gave way.

His ultimate agreement to my parents' proposal was a true delight to them both; and shortly afterwards, in September 1864, Dr Livingstone and Agnes arrived at Newstead, and proceeded to take up their quarters for the winter, to the great satisfaction of all. It took only a few hours to assure both Dr Livingstone and my mother, that that they were thoroughly "sympathetic," and that the arrangement was certain to be successful and pleasant.

Newstead is eleven miles from Nottingham, and in those days there were none of the facilities

for rapid transit that now exist. My mother might, therefore, have found it difficult to fulfil her promise as to Agnes's music lessons but for her ready wit. She suddenly discovered that I was old enough to require a governess, and devised the ingenious plan of engaging for the winter a young lady, Miss Eleanor A——, who was an exceptionally good musician and a really brilliant pianist, belonging to a family well known for their talents in the musical world.

Miss A—— taught me a few simple lessons every morning, and instructed me in the mysteries of five finger exercises; in addition she was, of course, more than capable of undertaking Agnes's musical education. The arrangement answered admirably; as, besides her musical gifts, Miss A—— was a bright and pleasant girl, much liked by all in the house.

It may seem strange to some that Dr Livingstone attached such importance to Agnes's music, for he was not himself considered very musical; but it was certainly just then one of his great wishes that she should play the piano well.

Agnes had a great taste for music, and played nicely as a girl, although I do not think she ever attempted to sing, nor have I any recollection of her excelling in music in after years. I imagine she must have worked at it, as she undoubtedly did, both as a girl at Newstead and later in Paris, more for her father's pleasure and satisfaction than for her own.

From the first she was a devoted daughter, trying to help and please her father in all ways. The pride both the two took in each other was

touching to witness; in her case it laid the foundation of the many warm friendships she gained later. They were evidently so much at ease and happy together, that it made it the more pathetic to remember how short a time they were permitted to enjoy each other's society. In Livingstone's self-imposed separation from his family, and especially from Agnes, more than in any of the hardships and privations of his African explorations, was to be found the real self-sacrifice and heroism of his life. It is possibly only by those who knew him intimately during this winter in England, and realised how much he enjoyed the comforts and pleasures of his temporary home, that the contrast to his lonely journeyings in Africa can properly be understood. His freedom from any tinge of envy of the prosperity or blessings of others was marked. Far from making him regretful or discontented with his own or his children's lot, on the contrary he rejoiced to see others happy, even in material ways. All he asked was that they should not do wrong, and should give God the praise and the glory.

His was the charity "thinking no evil" that raised up all around him insensibly to his own level.

If his visit at Newstead was, according to Sir Harry Johnston's gracious words, "perhaps all things considered, the eight happiest months of his life," it was chiefly owing to his own kindly nature; and, this considered, it is, perhaps, hardly strange that my parents also looked back on it as the happiest winter they ever experienced.

That Dr Livingstone, having for years worked

to his utmost limit, now thoroughly enjoyed the quiet pleasure of each day as it came round, shows that he was merely another example of the truth of the fine saying: "A saint, after all, is just a child-like soul who lets God make him happy in His own way."

CHAPTER IX

NEWSTEAD

THE end of September 1864, found Dr Livingstone and his daughter, Agnes, duly established at Newstead. It may not, therefore, be out of place to give some slight description of their new surroundings, for some houses — amongst which Newstead is certainly one — have too much character of their own not to influence, more or less, the life of their inhabitants.

Newstead has been often described, so that there is no need to dwell upon its best known features; I will rather attempt to give a picture of it as a household, at the time of Dr Livingstone's visit. There is the more reason for doing so, that the life I write of, has almost, if not quite, disappeared, and in another score of years may have vanished past modern comprehension.

Originally one of three religious houses founded about 1170 by Henry II. in expiation of the death of Thomas à Becket, the Priory of Newstead, until its dissolution by Henry VIII., was one of the most flourishing monasteries in the Midlands. Thus, during the three and a half centuries of their occupation the monks had time, not only to set their impress on the whole edifice, but on the entire locality as well; so much so, indeed,

that it would possibly be difficult to find, even in England, any other dwelling that retained more distinct traces of its ancient owners. This may be partly explained by the fact that upon its dissolution as a monastery and its acquisition by the Byron family, the original structure was preserved intact, instead of being rebuilt in another form, as was the frequent fate of other such structures. Thus altered, adapted, and added to as Newstead has been by succeeding generations, it still remains to this day unchanged in all its principal features.

The long stone cloisters, ancient fountain and quadrangle, the vaulted chapter house, and many pillared crypts are still in as perfect order as when the monks were forced to abandon their home.

Of the once beautiful church nothing now remains but the well-known west front, with its pointed arched window, lovely even in its ruin. The present condition, it may be pointed out, is not to be put down altogether to the Reformation, but to the civil war a century after, when Newstead was the scene of a sharp encounter between the Cavaliers and the Parliamentary soldiers.

The Lord Byron of that day and his seven sons were all staunch Royalists; no less than four of them fighting at Naseby, as their descendant, the poet, recorded with some pride. The grey walls of the ruins at Newstead still show marks of the Roundheads' bullets, and what is far more regrettable, all the stone figures of the saints within reach were on the same occasion either demolished or defaced, the

statue of Our Lady with the Holy Child in her arms alone remaining unscathed in her niche on the loftiest pinnacle. This is pointed out by Lord Byron himself in the very poetical, but at the same time singularly accurate, description of his old home, under the assumed name of Norman Abbey given by him in the thirteenth canto of *Don Juan*.

To be quite frank, none of us, with the exception of my mother, cared about Byron, for in our youthful days we heard too much of him not to be wearied by the subject, and the very familiarity deprived his history of romance. Happily my mother felt differently, and it is chiefly owing to her care on her first arrival at Newstead, that every relic connected with him has been so religiously preserved. Her almost meticulous reverence for all that concerned the Byron family, and, of course, more especially the poet, even at times provoked ridicule, a clever relative remarking with some truth that my mother seemed "much less mistress in her own house, than caretaker for the Byrons." She regarded this, however, as an obligation, and in some sort as a duty that she owed to all the poet's admirers.

Nor did her moral courage fail where his memory was concerned. It was, indeed, whilst Dr Livingstone was with us, that after much deliberation she decided on her own responsibility to cut down part of the tree on which Lord Byron had carved his and his sister Augusta's name during his last visit to Newstead.

The tree itself, a twin stemmed elm, stood

in the Devil's Wood, and was showing even then such unmistakable signs of decay, that if the names were to be preserved at all, it was evident that no time should be lost. The portion of the trunk with the names was, therefore, removed to the house, where it has remained ever since in a glass case. There was a terrible outcry over her action at the time, but her forethought has been amply justified, as the remaining twin stem, then apparently healthy, has long since perished.

Far more to our childish taste than any Byronic memories, was the beloved "Wishing Well," a delicious spring enclosed by green mossy walls, whence the purest and coldest of water bubbled up continually from the silvery sand below. Here all might wish to their heart's content, and "it was sure to come true" if one could maintain silence or—convenient alternative—the wish lost its attraction and was no longer desirable. This "Wishing Well" had, of course, been known formerly as St Mary's well, and was the object of many pilgrimages in olden times. It was close to the so-called Monks' Stew Pond, a long, dark pool overshadowed by ancient yews, and in my early days still full of patriarchal carp, fondly supposed to be, if not the very same fish, at least the descendants of those left by the good monks themselves.

There was abundance of water everywhere, for Newstead lies in the very centre of a network of springs and ponds. The little river Leen rises on the estate, and, flowing through it, joins the "silver Trent" near Nottingham. No doubt, the abundance of water was one reason that commended

the place to the monks for their original settlement, as they loved to have a bountiful supply near them to provide for their fish ponds, and were also singularly skilful in adapting it to their agricultural needs by the construction of dams.

The gardens of my childhood were a mass of syringa, lilac, and American azaleas, having become, I imagine, somewhat neglected and overgrown during the interval that had elapsed between Colonel Wildman's death and my father's acquisition of the property.

There were then, at all events, regular thickets of them, not only in all the shrubberies and under the trees of the old Rookery and Devil's Wood, but also overrunning much of the turf near the Dog's Tomb and by the Eagle Pond.¹ Large masses of azaleas also existed close to the south side of the house, and with the syringa before-mentioned made a perfect tangle of sweet-scented bloom in the early summer, their perfume quite overpowering to many, my mother amongst the number. They were untidy, but undoubtedly in their own season most picturesque; in winter they looked ragged and forlorn, so that it is little

¹ *The Eagle Pond*, a large, oblong sheet of water framed by sloping turf banks just below the Devil's Wood on the east side of the house. It derives its name from the brass eagle lectern that was discovered in its depths, during Colonel Wildman's ownership, the monks having, so it is said, thrown all their most valuable possessions into its waters when they were turned out of Newstead. There is, I believe, no foundation for this belief beyond the discovery of the lectern, which contained in its ball-footed pedestal all the title deeds and valuable papers of the monastery. The latter were only found during the necessary process of cleaning. The lectern is now in Southwell Minster, and the documents in the possession of my sister, Miss Webb.

wonder that in course of time they were removed. Rhododendrons were then only just coming into fashion, and were still far from common, not a universal stopgap as they are now. The craze for bedding out with its geraniums, lobelias, and calceolarias in geometrical patterns, came rather later, and, like all other places, Newstead also succumbed to the fashion for a time; but at the date of which I write the greater portion of the gardens owed, at least, its design more to the monks than to the Byrons, or Colonel Wildman, to whom Newstead was sold in 1818. He had known the poet personally in his youth, having been one of his schoolfellows at Harrow, and although Byron's grief at parting with his ancestors' home was great, it was somewhat softened by the feeling that it should fall into such good and friendly hands.

Colonel Wildman possessed large estates in Jamaica, and even now one of the best known streets in Kingston bears the name of his family. It was the unforeseen fall in the value of West Indian property, joined to the enormous sums he had expended upon the restoration of Newstead, which at his death caused the sale of the abbey to be imperative.

At one time, before the acquisition of Sandringham, there was some talk of Newstead being purchased for the young Prince of Wales, but eventually the project was wisely abandoned, as the difficulties of adapting such an old house as Newstead, to such a purpose would have been almost insuperable.

It was but a few days after the birth of my

eldest short-lived little brother, that my father went down from Yorkshire to look at Newstead for the first time. He saw it on a lovely May morning, fell in love with it at sight, and bought it on the spot. So little time did he lose over the transaction that before the month was out my mother and the whole family were installed there. The sudden step was the more remarkable, in that he habitually left all minor decisions to my mother.

On this occasion, however, she was fully as enchanted as he was himself with their new abode. I have seen a letter written by her to my grandmother the day after her arrival, in which she describes her first impressions; so overjoyed with my father's choice, as to be almost pathetic reading, in the light of after years.

Colonel Wildman had spared neither pains nor expense on the place during his ownership.

The house, when Lord Byron left it, was only partially habitable, most of the old roof being actually in ruins. To replace this alone had been a considerable undertaking, especially as the greater part was composed of lead, and, in proportion to its size, Newstead covers an unusual extent of ground.

Colonel Wildman had also added offices, and the so-called Sussex Tower to the original edifice. This Tower, part of which Dr Livingstone afterwards occupied, had replaced an older and smaller one, to be seen in the earlier pictures of the Abbey.

Unfortunately, although designed by Mr John

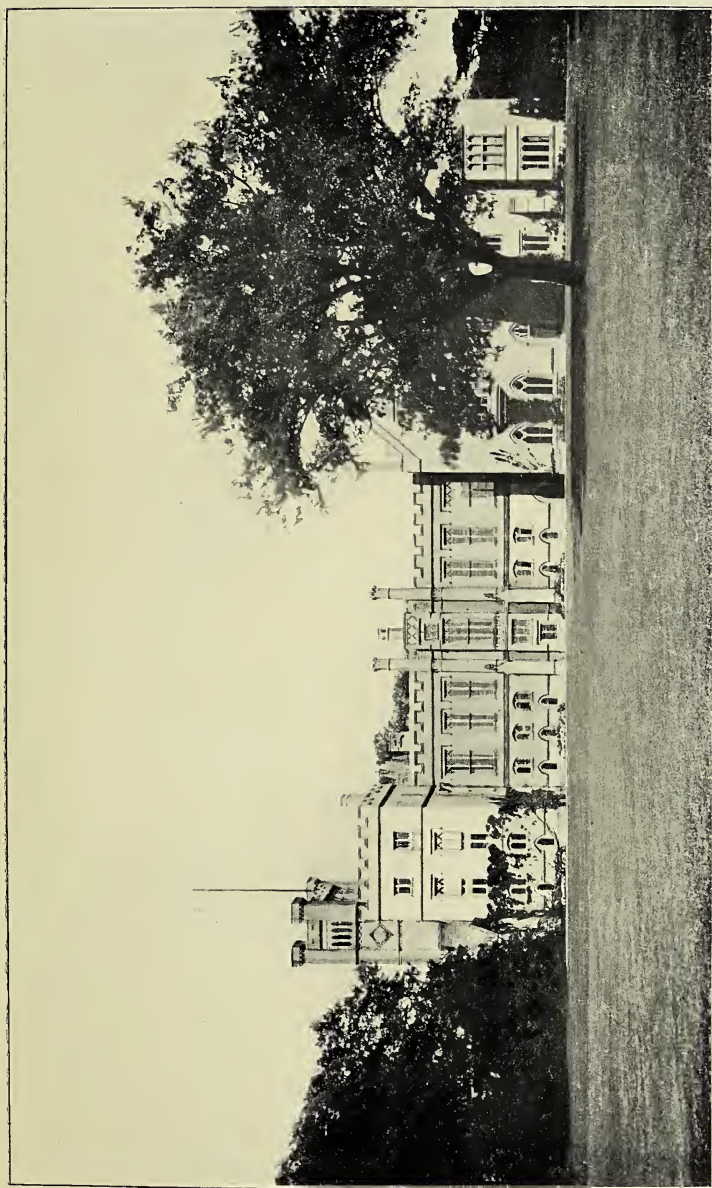
Shaw, the fashionable architect of the day, its style cannot be regarded as happy, for the heavy Norman arches and ponderous battlements accord ill with the graceful pointed window of the adjacent ruins.

The Tower took its name from H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, to whom for many years Colonel Wildman acted as equerry. The Duke spent much of his time at Newstead, and the Tower was avowedly built on his account, to accommodate his suite. The Duke himself, however, never occupied it, but was lodged in the large room hung with tapestry, which still bears his name, and was one of the original guest chambers reserved in former times for royal visitors, for the vicinity of Sherwood Forest had made the monastery from earliest times a convenient centre for the latter's hunting excursions.

These visits of the Duke of Sussex gave rise to much comment, and were, of course, popularly supposed to be a heavy expense to Colonel Wildman, but the Duke was a kindly old man, and a very welcome guest.

I doubt not also, that these assertions were much exaggerated, although I have often heard the old housekeeper affirm, that it took no less than forty pounds of wax candles to light up the house upon state occasions, whilst His Royal Highness was there. Rather an alarming statement, if true; but it was then, I believe, etiquette to use wax candles only, when royalty was present.

This story certainly made the first of my father's improvements, in arranging for the entire house to be lit with gas, an economy rather than



Byron Oak.

Dr. Livingstone's Room,
two middle windows of Sussex Tower

NEWSTEAD ABBEY—SOUTH FRONT.

an extravagance, but it was none the less looked upon then, as an audaciously modern innovation applied to a private dwelling-house.

One of my father's first acts, when restoring the Chapel, had been to put up a stained-glass window to Colonel Wildman's memory, with a short but sympathetic dedication. This small attention had pleased Mrs Wildman greatly, and my mother's charm speedily accomplished the rest.

The former domestic life of large country houses was so utterly different from that of the present day, as to want a few words of description. With less of actual luxury, everything was ordered on far ampler and more leisurely lines. In the first place communication was much more difficult, and there were no large "Stores" capable of supplying at a few hours' notice any possible want in a household. All had to be thought out and prepared beforehand, and each separate household was almost self-supporting. Their farms furnished them with mutton, pork (in all its varieties of home-cured hams, pork, bacon, and sausages), besides poultry and cheese. Milk, cream, and butter came from the dairy close by—game from the park and woods. Bread was baked in the vast stone oven thrice weekly, whilst bountiful stores of jam, preserves, jellies, bottled fruits, and vegetables, were manufactured in the still-room at the proper season.

Moreover, the butler was expected, as a matter of course, to brew all the beer used in the house, and the latter implied much more than it would mean nowadays.

When I look back on the past in few things

do I see a change more than in this. Of old, beer was the common drink in a house. Even the maids drank their allowance—and that not a small one—three times a day regularly. A faint reminiscence of its smell pervaded all the servants' quarters as a result. I can never forget my surprise at seeing once the big beer cellar with its long line of jugs and cans in readiness for the morning's allowance, and the regiment of barrels behind.

Not that Newstead was anything but a most sober and respectable establishment, and I never heard of a case of drunkenness in man or woman ; but to drink beer like water was simply the custom of the time. The beer was home-brewed and wholesome, and, I fancy, not very strong.

It used to be brewed in great vats several times a year, in the big brew-house, from which a delicious odour of warm hops and malt (sweet wort as the resulting liquor was called) could be perceived from afar, even at some distance from the house. In cold weather, or if any one felt chilly or out of sorts, warm beer with a plentiful addition of sugar, ginger, or spice was the invariable remedy, and the maids all had little black saucepans for this purpose, and generally carried a little grater with a piece of stick ginger in their pocket.

Even as a child I have been given a sip of it, and it was certainly warming and sweet. In its way not unpleasant, and I daresay, less harmful to their nerves than the modern strong tea. This last was still rather a luxury and, of course, was Chinese and not Indian. It was drunk much

weaker than is now customary, and at most twice a day. Men servants rather despised it as womanish and "finikin"; beer, bread, and cheese being much preferred by them to "slops" between the regular meals.

Coffee was only appreciated upstairs, and even there used in great moderation. My father drank it always after dinner, but this was unusual, and after luncheon such a thing was never even thought of.

As to cocoa in all its varieties one hardly saw it, and even chocolate as a sweetmeat was extremely rare, and only, I think, procurable from France, for it was still far too expensive to be common.

Nearly every house had its own speciality in the way of recipes. Ours was, I think, super-excellent water biscuits. They were made in large quantities, and every visitor asked for the secret, but even when given, never succeeded in copying them exactly. The very name of these biscuits was deceptive, for but little water entered into their composition, and the flour was mixed mainly with white of egg and a suspicion of thick cream, the real mystery lying in the endless rolling to which the paste was subjected. When baked they were almost as thin as paper, and very crisp, and covered with little blisters, and they were pricked all over before they were finally placed in the oven.

Another distinctive item, and one that I never remember seeing elsewhere, was a certain cream ice, artfully flavoured with green tea. I suppose it was terribly unwholesome, but as an ice I have never seen it surpassed. Green

tea is nowadays a mere name, but then each orthodox tea-caddy had its special compartment for it, and a pinch used to be solemnly added for "visitors," even in our nursery itself.

For the ices and biscuits, the still-room and not the kitchen was responsible, and so rigid was the etiquette observed between the two departments that on one memorable occasion a dinner was almost wrecked on this point, my mother having ordered a particular iced pudding, then a novelty, and the heads of both kitchen and still-room firmly refusing all responsibility in the matter. This naturally leads us to the kitchen, the "heart of the house," as a poetical Highland cook once termed it.

The kitchen at Newstead was, indeed, in its way unusual. Quite as large as a small church, and very lofty, it was built on the model of the monastic kitchen at Glastonbury, and outwardly took the form of an octagonal roofed, semi-detached building. It was well lighted by two immense windows with pointed arches, and with its high groined ceiling converging to a point in the centre, even in the hottest weather there was never any lack of air.

This was fortunate, since the big fireplace took up the whole of one of the many sides. It was partially shielded off by a huge iron roasting screen, but one could peep behind it, and watch the enormous fire blazing — a fire which burnt, so the former cook tells me, half a ton of coal a day, and was able easily to roast thirty-six joints at the same time, the roasting-jacks being turned by a mechanical arrangement worked

by water power. The heat given out by this fire was so intense that half a minute's glimpse of it was enough to satisfy ordinary curiosity, and one was glad to escape with aching eyes and scorched cheeks. To this day I marvel how the necessary basting of the meat was accomplished, but I think there were cunning little windows in the great iron screen itself for the purpose.

To bake meat in those days was thought beneath the dignity of a really good cook, and only to be permitted for funerals.

The French proverb was often quoted. "On devient cuisinier, mais on est né rôti-seur," whilst as regards the baked meats Hamlet refers to the custom when he says:—

"The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables."

The meat certainly was much better roasted in the old-fashioned way; but few now know even the difference.

The stone floor of the kitchen was freshly sanded every morning, and in the corners coloured sand was formed into various pretty devices. The walls were bright with shining copper pans and utensils of all kinds, whilst the two sides between each window were taken up respectively by a big gas stove and oven, and a large range for the special purpose of stewing and soups, where the big stewpots could simmer tranquilly the livelong day. A long, brick French stove with apertures for charcoal fires ran the whole way under one of the windows, so that the French cook there at least found himself quite at home. A large

and airy hall next door was used as a scullery, and had also its own fireplace, where on occasion ordinary roasting and cooking could easily be done. Beyond this, were large larders for meat and game, and storerooms with all the many hams and sides of bacon hanging from the ceilings ready for use when required. My mother was a good manager, and in spite of the apparent abundance, I do not think there was much real waste.

The cook had a miniature printing press, and the bills of fare were printed from it daily. It was a fancy of my mother's; and once the cook learnt how to use it—which he did in a very short time—he found it a much quicker and easier process than writing them by hand for a large party.

I have, however, said enough to give a general idea of an English country house in those times. Looking back over it, one cannot but be struck by the large part that eating, drinking, and entertaining played in the daily life of that day.

CHAPTER X

THE ABBEY GHOSTS

THE monks of Newstead were Augustinian Canons Regular, popularly known as Black Austins; and the monastery was in reality a priory and not an abbey, although, for some unexplained reason, it has been ever popularly known by the latter designation. It would, therefore, at this time of day, only appear pedantic and cause confusion, to be exact in this particular.

The most probable reason for this misnomer, is the very simple one, that from the size and importance of their community, the original Priors grew to be termed Abbots, and preferred it to their rightful but less exalted title.

Between the Austin Canons of Newstead and the neighbouring monastery attached to Southwell Minster, there was of old much rivalry, and there still exist on the walls of the Chapter House of Southwell some quaint stone carvings illustrative of this jealousy; and, as might be expected, they are far from complimentary to the character of the Newstead Fathers.

The Black Augustinians wore a special dress, not at all like the usual monk's garments, and it is remarkable that in all the many tales current of the ghostly "Friar" (although to be strictly

accurate he was not a "friar" at all), he is invariably described as wearing a cowl instead of the peculiar and much less picturesque *biretta* or cap peaked at the corners, that was the distinguishing headgear of the Augustinian Canons. Nor, strange to say, have I ever heard of the apparition being seen in the true habit of his order, even Lord Byron making this curious but natural mistake.

A notable instance of the part expectancy plays in such visions.

One true story I have, however, often been told by Mrs Sheppard, the old housekeeper, who had spent most of her days in the service of Colonel and Mrs Wildman. The night before the first arrival of my parents at Newstead she made up her mind now or never to set at rest all her own doubts as to the Black Friar, for, on one point at least, all traditions were agreed—that his appearance must accompany any change of ownership to the Abbey.

She was a very determined little woman, and so resolved on actually keeping vigil in the Monk's Chamber itself. This room adjoins the apartments formerly occupied by Lord Byron, the poet, which are reached by a lonely turret stair.

The Monk's Chamber was regarded as the special haunt of the Black Friar, having been in old monastic days the room set apart for the sick and dying monks, so that they could both hear and join in the prayer and chants below, for its solitary window looks directly into the church, long since a ruin.

The room had a deep recess running along

one of the walls, whilst the great depths of the window embrasure, especially before the days of gas or electric light, served but to intensify the darkness of its corners.

Nevertheless, shortly before midnight, Mrs Sheppard repaired thither. She was quite alone, for at such an hour, and on such an occasion no one cared to keep her company. She lit two candles, and for some time sat quietly watching, her nerves, of course, becoming more and more on edge with each minute. At length, she heard a distinct footstep followed by a second. She waited in silent expectancy. They stopped, and then continued as before. But as the door did not open and they came no nearer, she collected herself and only listened the more intensely when, to her bewilderment, she perceived that they proceeded from the direction of the window. Summoning up all her courage, she at once rushed to open it.

It was a wild, dark night, and as she unfastened the latch, a gust of wind and rain enveloped her and almost blew out the candles on the table; but the mystery was solved. A branch of ivy had become loose, and was being blown to and fro against the diamond shaped panes.

"It was enough for me," she used to say, as she ended the story. "After that I knew what stuff the ghosts were made of!"

Never afterwards would she suffer others to believe in such ideas, and on this point she was of the greatest assistance to my mother. For at first there were many tiresome difficulties with the fresh servants, as during the two years Newstead

had been tenantless all kinds of absurd stories as to its ghosts had been spread abroad. Mrs Sheppard and my mother disposed of these prosaically enough, by simply letting it be known, that all practical jokes would meet with the utmost severity, and that if any servant spoke of having seen such unwelcome visitants, they would be kindly but firmly requested to leave the next morning.

It was even fondly supposed we children never heard of their existence ; but, as is always the case, it was in reality impossible to guard against this. Tales of the kind are in the very air of such old houses, and whilst still in the nursery we knew, of course, the minute and particular history and attributes of every ghost on the premises, although we had enough sense of what was expected of us never to mention them to our elders.

Strangely enough (unlike Madame du Deffand whose well-known saying on the same subject "Je n'y crois pas, mais je les crains" is so often quoted), I believed firmly in them all, but never dreaded them, or at least not those belonging to Newstead itself, nor do I think that any of my little brothers or sisters felt the least afraid. As a child I would go anywhere fearlessly alone in the dark, much preferring this, indeed, to taking a candle with me, as the latter cast such odd shadows. Not that I was as brave as this might lead one to think, for although I had no fear of spirits, I was terribly afraid of *wolves*, all the more so, that as my reason told me there were no such wild beasts in England, and I knew I should be ridiculed unmercifully for my absurd cowardice. Now I had never heard

frightening stories of wolves, as I had often of lions, and except one solitary specimen of a wolf skin, with a very mild looking and inoffensive head attached, I rather doubt at this time if I had ever even seen a wolf, but the inexplicable fact remains, and there was a certain dark doorway leading into the cloister that I never passed by without quickened breath and beating heart, so sure I was that sooner or later a wolf would issue from its black shadow.

Of other ghosts, apart from the wide famed "Black Friar," there was a tolerably extensive collection, beginning with "little Sir John Byron with the Long Beard" to whom Henry VIII. had granted the Abbey, and ending with "a black, shapeless mass with glaring eyes" who was supposed to confine itself to the cloisters and ground floor.

Little Sir John Byron was a harmless and inoffensive spirit, who differed from most of his kind, in that he was supposed generally to be seen by day light. He was wont to sit in an old ebony chair beneath his picture in the library, reading an ancient book. This particular chair was known as Henry VIII.'s chair, and may have been given to Sir John by that monarch ; but for the Abbey and its lands he had paid him a good price, £800 (in those days no inconsiderable sum), so that despite the wrongs of the monks the Byrons may be said to have acquired the property honestly.

The most uncomfortable ghost of all was a column of cold white vapour, that mysteriously arose from the floor in dead of night in one of the old panelled bedrooms. It was, moreover

the only case that seemed to have any claims to authenticity, as more than one vouched for having seen it comparatively recently. It was probably mainly on this account, that my mother at once selected it as her own bedroom, thereby putting an end to the story for ever afterwards, for it was never seen again.

The "shapeless black mass" was too vague to afford much scope to popular imagination, at any time, and the fact that my father always had a big black retriever in attendance, who was peculiarly fond of perambulating the cloisters, appeared to allay the visitation. It was so easy to mistake it for the dog! or—*vice versâ!*

But of all the ghostly legends of the place one in especial appealed to me, and indeed does so still.

On an unknown day in the late autumn of each year, but it must be a day when leaves are flying and winds blowing, an invisible cavalcade is heard galloping through the park, closely pursued by the hoof beats of a single horse, whilst a woman's voice cries out continually in sorrowful appeal: "Speak to me, my Lord Byron, only speak to me!" until the sound of the horse's feet and the plaintive cry are alike lost in the distance.

That is all; and nothing is seen, but the sense of passing movement and the sound is so real that all before it fall back as the phantom riders sweep by.

The story goes that in the forgotten past, a sister of one of the Lords Byron had fallen into disgrace, and in his wrath her brother vowed he would never pardon her.

They had loved each other dearly, and she always hoped for forgiveness, thinking that once he saw her again he would surely relent. She made, therefore, a futile womanly plan of meeting him one day, as he was riding home with his followers from hunting; but he only galloped on. And so from henceforth for ever on a similar autumn day, the heart-breaking scene is re-enacted, although invisibly.

Their very names now lost, and her fruitless appeal only remaining to enlist the pity—once so cruelly refused her—of future generations.

CHAPTER XI

LEGENDS OF THE BYRONS

FAR more interesting to us as children than any shadowy tales of ghosts, were the many stories current relating to the "wicked Lord Byron."

Great-uncle of the poet, he was locally a personage of far greater importance than his celebrated successor. Few of the working folk could then read or write, therefore literature in general, and poetry in particular, was naturally held by them of no account.

This was aptly illustrated by a delightful old carpenter of our acquaintance. He had known Lord Byron, the poet, well in his youth, and on being cross-questioned by an ardent Byron worshipper as to the poet's tastes and habits, would only vouchsafe the unromantic reply, "Waal, 'e loiked good beer," and when the lady, greatly shocked, indignantly demanded whether he realised what a great poet he was speaking of, the only answer given was, "Waal, I did 'ear 'e'd writ zummat."

The wicked lord, however, was in the eyes of his tenants a simpler character to understand. He was unmistakably bad throughout, and his evil deeds and eccentricities only became the darker with time. The more so, as by his

craze for erecting various useless buildings, which remained for all to see, his very memory could not be set aside.

His notorious duel with his cousin and neighbour, Mr Chaworth of Annesley, is too well-known to dilate on. Suffice it to say it took place in a London tavern in a darkened room, and resulted in the death of his antagonist. Lord Byron was tried for murder before the House of Peers, and ultimately acquitted. The rapier he used, still, so it was said, stained with blood, hangs to this day in one of the Newstead corridors.

But the popular version ran, that after this tragedy, although legally acquitted, the wicked lord found many doors closed to him.¹ In disgust he returned to Newstead, where he lived according to his own wild will. His wife for a time remained with him, until he attempted to drown her in one of the fountains near the house. She was rescued, so the legend ran, by one the gardeners, and the very spot used to be pointed out to me, but the wicked lord must in that case have been a most optimistic would-be murderer for the aforesaid stone basin is only some three feet deep.

¹ Lord Byron, the poet, did not endorse the general opinion. *Vide* "Letters from Genoa," 1823. "As to the Lord Byron who killed Mr Chaworth in a duel, so far from retiring from the world, he made the tour of Europe, and was appointed Master of the Staghouids after that event, and did not give up society until his son had offended him by marrying in a manner contrary to his duty. So far from feeling any remorse for having killed Mr Chaworth, who was a fire-eater and celebrated for his quarrelsome disposition, he always kept the sword which he had used on that occasion in his bedchamber, where it still was when he died."

His life after this was most irregular, and without entering into particulars, which, of course, as children we did not understand, there is no doubt that a great many of the later exaggerations as to the riotous orgies attributed to the poet at Newstead, arose from his doings, thus being confused with those of the wicked lord. In reality, the poet spent comparatively little of his time there, for as a boy and youth he lived at Southwell, some twelve miles distant, with his mother, and his means were at no time sufficient for any extravagances of the kind on a large scale. The wicked lord, on the other hand, at one time spent money like water, and never denied himself any self-indulgence.

He found his principal amusement in mimic sea-fights on the Great Lake, and for this he built on its banks a miniature stone fort, and turret towers, as well as a tall castle on the wooded hill above.¹ Also the very curious erection of rocks near the lower lake known as the Ragged Rock, surmounted by a small turret from whence forty years ago, before the surrounding woods had attained their present size, an extensive view could be obtained over all the country side, well worth the steep and difficult ascent. To construct this, it was said, all available large stones and rocks on the Newstead property, and even from the surrounding district, was gathered together by his orders.

As a master and landlord he was so hard and cruel as to be absolutely hated by his dependents, so that when he sent to Hull for

¹ This last has recently been pulled down.

a small schooner for use in his, mimic fights on the lake, an old saying was remembered, to the effect that when a ship laden with heather should cross Sherwood Forest the power of the Byrons should pass away, and the poor people assembled from far and near to throw handfuls of ling on to its deck, so that the prophecy might be fulfilled.

Another and much less well-known story, I often heard whispered as a child, and possibly it had some foundation.

They said that a large lake formerly existed above the great lake at Newstead with an old mill standing on the dam between the two. The wicked lord dealt hardly with the miller, as was his wont, and, at last, in spite of the latter's prayers, insisted upon his quitting the place. The miller together with his son went up to the Abbey in a last hope of finding mercy, for they loved their mill and had been good tenants, but all in vain, Lord Byron was obdurate and drove them away with bitter scorn. Vowing vengeance they departed. But before leaving the old mill they secretly cut the dam.

The lake burst, carrying the mill with it, and the ensuing flood caused such damage between Newstead and Nottingham that Lord Byron had to pay—so they declared, with the popular love for actual figures—no less than £60,000 in compensation. This effectually ruined him for the remainder of his days, and put a stop for ever to all his extravagances. There, undoubtedly, was the visible remains in my early childhood, of a high grass-grown bank, which

looked very like the remains of a dam running at right angles above the upper lake below the Rock cottages pond. It was even sufficiently high to have a raw edge of red sandstone along one side full of sand-martin's nests; but all has gradually disappeared with time.

From the aforesaid ponds, moreover, and extending right up the little valley beyond for half a mile at least, there was a wide and noisome swamp, full of tussocks, rushes, and willows, until it ended in a bog full of marsh plants carpeted with pinky mosses, which might very well in bygone years have formed the bed of the vanished lake.¹

This catastrophe would also do much to account for the extreme poverty of the wicked lord in his old age, and also that it was necessity rather than sheer spite towards his successor that made him not only sell the family pictures, but allow the house to become well-nigh uninhabitable from want of repairs, and in addition cut down all the mighty oaks in the park, the destruction of which would seem otherwise but wanton malice. The so-called Pilgrim's Oak at the principal lodge gates alone remains as a sample of their size and beauty, having been ransomed for a price from the rapacity of the wicked lord by the dwellers in its vicinity. Its name telling of the old monastic days when the

¹ I recollect well that each year charcoal burners used to come and cut the willows in this swamp, and that the odd pointed little turf huts which they used for burning the charcoal were our delight. They lived often in one of the better huts, while they burnt the willow wood in an adjoining one. The joy the deserted huts gave to children can be imagined.

pilgrims to the Abbey used to rest under its spreading shade, growing as it does a few yards only from the Great North Road from London to York.

As might be expected with the disappearance of his fortune, the ill reports of the wicked Lord Byron increased yearly. He had in his younger days brought back with him from Italy two large leaden figures, one of the great god Pan, and the other of a female Satyr and her young one. These he had placed on two high pedestals in a wood within the precincts of the Abbey. It was, therefore, easy for the country people to believe he worshipped them. And the Devil's Wood and the old Lord's Devils soon became part of his story. He died a miserable old man, practically alone in the only part of the vast house at that time even water-tight.

In his later years, his solitary distraction—surely a very harmless and inexpensive one—consisted in feeding the little crickets which abounded in the old building. They were said to know his voice, and to appear at his call, thereby causing his fancy for them to be ascribed to supernatural influence. The night he died one of the few who still dared to visit him, while passing through the great hall, heard a faint, chirping sound, and looking down perceived a vast army of the tiny creatures moving regularly towards the open door.

With the death of their master they vanished, never to be seen again at Newstead—a fact that was always triumphantly pointed out to the incredulous. The park itself had, of course,

been originally part of Sherwood Forest, and was full of memories of Robin Hood and his merry men. There was even in the depths of its fir woods a certain hole that was by courtesy called his cave. It was very low and difficult to find, and still more difficult to enter, but as children we used to crawl into it with great satisfaction. Nor could my father's assertion that an old rabbit trapper maintained to him that it had been cut out of the rock in his own parents' time for the convenience of poachers, shake our faith in its genuineness in the least.

We were happy children in that we were brought up in a world of unconscious romance—all the happier, perhaps, because unconscious.

The park itself was very undulating in places, even hilly, and clothed with bracken, whilst, here and there it was diversified by long stretches of real Scotch heather.

Dr Livingstone, however, for once certainly overstated the actual fact, when he writes in his journal that the scenery surrounding Newstead is "magnificent," although the amount of water in the vicinity of the house adds greatly to its charm, and, doubtless, after all his years of exile, the heather, bracken, and dark-topped pine-trees, all in the first flush of an English autumn, had their effect upon him.

To the natural sandiness of the soil was attributed the fact that my father, always subject to recurring attacks of African fever in Yorkshire, never once suffered from it at Newstead.

Trees were then few and far between, as the property had never recovered from the wholesale

falling of its ancient oaks, but the large pine woods, previously alluded to, bounded the park on its northern side, and there were a few scattered clumps of the same firs as well as some growing plantations of beech and oak, then little more than saplings, whilst many more were in course of planting by my father himself. In truth he had more than enough at that time to occupy him, for it must be borne in mind that although his predecessor, Colonel Wildman, had done wonders for Newstead, and had spent the greater part of his large fortune upon its restoration, his chief efforts had been directed on the house itself, which was fast falling into ruin, when he purchased the property from Lord Byron in November 1817; and upon my father, therefore, devolved the task of providing the tenants, and still more the working people, on the estate with good cottages and farm-buildings. In addition to this, there were new roads to construct, the general water-supply and drainage to be attended to, besides lodges and stables to rebuild.

The old cottages, in particular, were astonishingly primitive, many of them not even being buildings at all, but simply rooms cut in the face of the living sandstone rocks, with the chimneys projecting from the ground above.

These curious dwellings date from a very ancient period, and are, I believe, peculiar to certain districts of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire. In spite of their drawbacks, their inhabitants were so much attached to them, declaring them to be as warm in winter as they were

cool in summer, that they manifested great wrath and indignation when moved into the excellent modern cottages provided for them. My father was even for a short time considered as cruel a tyrant as the wicked Lord Byron for insisting on this step; but as the so-called "Rock Cottages" were in many ways most unsafe (for large quantities of sand constantly fell from the rock ceilings), it was impossible to allow them to remain occupied. The floor in them was simply loose sand ankle-deep; but the wives of the labourers considered this a positive advantage as being "so soft to the feet," as well as saving them the trouble of scrubbing, sweeping, and keeping it clean.

The inner rooms were mere holes, without windows, and absolutely dark, and the conditions ought to have been most unhealthy, but, nevertheless, the inhabitants always maintained they suffered less from illness than others.

It took some time and patience before they forgave my father, and became reconciled to their new, light, and airy abodes.

In all my father's projects, whether planting or building, past, present, and future, Dr Livingstone sympathised to the full, as might be expected, and they spent much of their time out of doors looking at and superintending the improvements. To do one's duty in whatever work one had undertaken was always his first axiom, whether at home or abroad; although to him individually, Africa, of course, came before all else.

CHAPTER XII

APPEARANCE AND PORTRAIT

ALTHOUGH it is now almost fifty years ago (1864-5), I remember Dr Livingstone's appearance as clearly as if it were yesterday, and the well-known peaked consular cap with the tarnished gold band, which he invariably wore on all occasions in England as in Africa. It had, indeed, the curious fascination for him that some articles of clothing seem to exercise on their owners, and grew to be part of his personality. There also seems to be associated with it in my mind, at least, a thick blue coat for outdoor wear and a pair of shepherd's plaid trousers in a small check. He was always extremely neat and careful in his appearance, although even apart from his predilection for his gold-banded cap, there was nothing the least clerical in his manner or dress. I have no doubt this laid him open to criticism; such deviation from clerical attire in a missionary being then even more conspicuous than it would be now.

His last consular cap, worn and battered with travel, was given to my parents by his children after his death; and is now treasured at Newstead along with other relics that belonged to him.

True to his Highland descent, Dr Livingstone did not speak in the least like a Lowland Scotsman;¹ but had rather a peculiar accent in talking, and still more in reading English. It almost seemed foreign, or as if the language were not quite familiar to him, and did not run from his tongue naturally; probably this was due to the fact that for so many years he had been expressing himself in the African dialects. His own expression "that his English was rusty," was absolutely correct, and described his speech exactly. Of course, the rust wore off after he had been at home some months, but it never entirely left him. Public speaking was always a trial to him, and the only time he was really ill at Newstead arose from the state of nervousness and distress he was thrown into on delivering an address to the Mechanic's Institute at Mansfield in compliance with my father's request. It was a very small affair, and, of course, it had never struck my father that Dr Livingstone would take it so seriously as he did.

¹ There are, and have been for centuries, Livingstones in the Isle of Lismore, a centre in old times of Columban and mediæval culture. Before the Reformation some of this family were hereditary Keepers of the Crozier or Staff of the local saint, and continued to be so designated ever since the Reformation down to the twentieth century (see *Celtic Review*, 1909). Some of these Livingstones migrated to the Island of Mull in the seventeenth century, and thence passed over to the Isle of Ulva, where Dr Livingstone's family are known to have dwelt in the eighteenth century. It has, therefore, been reasonably conjectured that Dr Livingstone may have been the descendant of this Lismore stock of abbey guardians. Certainly no ancestry could appear more consonant with his character and sentiments. For all his life work was done in the spirit of St Columba. [Note by a friend (A. F. Yule.)]

Dr Livingstone was in face very like his portraits, but (although it sounds as if I must be a Philistine to say so) he resembled still more his waxen effigy at Madame Tussaud's, and I well remember the start of surprise with which I greeted the well-known figure when I first saw it a few years later. That was true testimony to its excellence, for coming on the figure unexpectedly it really seemed to me for a minute as if I had suddenly met an old friend.

A portrait of him as he looked at this time is now at Newstead, for during his visit there my father fortunately induced him to sit for a life-sized crayon sketch of his head and shoulders. It was made by Mr J. B. Harrison, then a popular artist, who, although chiefly known by his sketches of children, had some three or four years earlier made a good portrait of my father. He succeeded excellently also in Dr Livingstone's case. The picture was considered by those who knew Livingstone intimately to be the best likeness of him extant. It is certainly the most pleasing, as the artist was lucky enough to catch his kindly smile.

It is, indeed, the only happy looking presentment of Dr Livingstone that I have seen, for all the other portraits make him appear too severe and grim; and full of character as was his face, these are the last words I would have applied to his expression of countenance. Like all such crayon sketches, however, it has the defect of giving but a slight indication of his colouring, which hard work and exposure to a hot climate had made a good deal browner than

he was naturally. Not that he was ever so dark as he is shown in some of his other portraits, where he looks more like a typical Spanish pirate than the Dr Livingstone I remember!

Like most men, he so cordially detested the necessary sittings and found them so irksome that to lighten them as much as possible they were attended by the whole family, and also by any of his friends who chanced to be staying in the house at the time.

Mr Harrison was, fortunately one of those cheerful and amiable artists who never object to being watched when at work, and he, therefore, never rebelled at the number of his visitors. For his use, part of the large billiard room was for the time being transformed into a studio. It faced east, and had a good light, one side being almost entirely of glass. This large room had been made into an orangery by the Byrons, and it has to this day a most curious old plaster ceiling ascribed to no less a personage than Inigo Jones, although I hardly know not what truth there is in the tradition.

At an earlier date this room must have had access into the ancient Abbey Church, and possibly even formed part of it. It opens into the garden on its eastern side, and is reached from the house through a heavy door from the cloisters. Next to it is the Chapel, once the old Chapter House with its vaulted roof and slender clustered columns, whilst the crypt below was once the Mortuary Chapel.

Lord Byron lodged his dogs in the Chapter House, and used the Mortuary Chapel as his

swimming bath, thus showing no sort of respect for any of the old monkish remains.

From the windows of the billiard room can be seen close at hand the Dog's Tomb, that strange and elaborate memorial erected by the poet to his dog Boatswain, with its epitaph and sad lines—lines which are cynical or pathetic according to the point of view of the reader.

The Dog's Tomb stands on the very spot where once was the High Altar of the old church, for it must be noted that Lord Byron designed it with the intention of being himself buried there; and in a letter respecting the "disposal of my carcase," as he terms it, written to Colonel Wildman at the time of the sale to him of Newstead, he draws attention to this fact, and adds that no objection can be urged to his desire in the future, as it is all consecrated ground.

He wished to lie there in company with his faithful servant, Joe Murray, and his daughter Ada, as well as with the remains of his beloved dog. There is a curious vault below the tomb, in which are to be seen three niches, each large enough to contain a coffin. It is reached by steps, and I have myself been in it years ago, during some necessary repairs, although the entrance is so cunningly concealed by the stone pavement that its very existence could hardly be suspected by those unaware of it.

Lord Byron's scheme came to nothing, probably from old Joe Murray's very forcible objection to the idea of sharing his grave with Boatswain. "His Lordship might be buried with dogs, but I will be buried with Christians," were his words,

according to Newstead tradition; and to this he remained firm.

Dr Livingstone, like every other visitor to Newstead, must often have heard these stories repeated, and, indeed, in his journal he remarks on them. He, however, took little interest in Byron, and had no romance about his poetry or life. More especially did he dislike his want of respect for the old monks, many of whose bones had been dug up during the construction of the Dog's Tomb.

"His character does not shine. It appears to have been horrid," is Livingstone's blunt verdict in his journal; and it can be easily imagined that two such men as Byron and Livingstone had few points in common, save, strangely enough, that cardinal one that they were both ready in their divers ways, when the call came, to give up their all, even their lives, for the idea of freeing a suffering people. There they were at one; for when the situation is analysed there is a real parallel between Missolonghi and Ilala. But Ilala was then far away in the unknown future, and at this time the former orangery was the chief resort of a very happy party.

The room gradually became a universal repository for all the varied interests of my father at this time. In one corner were a heap of fossils and other geological specimens. A microscope on a far-off table, surrounded by wide-mouthed glass bottles containing trout ova, or young trout in every state of development, and, I fear, disease. They often died in an unaccountable manner in those days, when their cloudy little corpses would

float in the water, to be mourned over by Dr Livingstone and my father, for the doctor's interest in his host's trout-breeding experiments were as keen as if they had been his own.

That the time would come when the microscope would solve the mystery of their maladies was then undreamt of. The microscope was then generally regarded as little more than an interesting scientific toy, and, with some brilliant exceptions, even men of science had no perception of its marvellous possibilities in the service of medicine.

How often have I, as a child, in that very room, listened to long and, to me, well-nigh incomprehensible discussions between my father and his comrades as to the horrors of African fever and its supposed remedies, and conjectures as to whether the day would ever come when its true source would be discovered.

And yet the real key was all the time close beside them. There was even a dim little phial of dead tsetse flies lying near the microscope, and already the connection between their bite and the dreaded South African horse-sickness and cattle-disease was a known fact. Only, of course, the true and exact scientific explanation was as yet lacking; and it was left for Sir Ronald Ross, Sir Rubert Boyce and their fellow workers and their researches to supply the need. How Livingstone would have rejoiced at their discoveries!

When one thinks of how much that is common knowledge to-day would have meant to those wise and splendid pioneers of the past generation, of how much suffering it would have saved, of the

mistakes it would have obviated, one could almost weep. Yet these regrets should carry, at least, the saving grace of humility in our present knowledge, recognising, as we must, that it is even now but an infinitesimal part of what is still to be revealed.

CHAPTER XIII

THE FRIEND OF CHILDREN

AT that time we children were only four in number, all little girls, for my eldest brother, Wilfred, had died as a baby but a few months after my father's removal to Newstead. It was so far the only grief that had over-clouded the otherwise singularly happy and prosperous life of my parents, and one that my dear mother never alluded to, although she had felt it very keenly. I have reason to believe her silence was for my father's sake, as it had been a great blow and disappointment to him.

I should like to be able to say that I was Dr Livingstone's special favourite, but although he was always kind and gentle to us all, that distinction was reserved for my younger sister, Ethel. As her picture taken at the time shows, she was a very handsome child, black eyed and dark haired, with beautifully rosy cheeks; and I doubt not this last quality appealed the more to Dr Livingstone through his being so unused to seeing rosy cheeks in Africa. Possibly her dark eyes reminded him of his own Agnes in her babyhood, and of the first sad parting when she was a little older than my sister. However,

that may be, she was, undoubtedly, from the first his special pet and playmate.

It was the family custom that we children, after our early morning breakfast, should join my mother at family prayers in the then so-called "little dining-room," and follow her afterwards to the breakfast room, quite a considerable walk, as it was on the other side of the quadrangle, round which the house was built, and on another floor. It had, therefore, to be reached either through the long stone cloisters or the corridors that ran above them.

Once the breakfast room was attained we were relegated to the big bow window, where we played with our bricks, whilst the grown-up people breakfasted at their leisure. We were never allowed to make the least sound or even to speak, still less to leave our window, and silence under these circumstances was no easy matter at times.

I recollect how difficult it was to build our brick castles noiselessly, and how often they would come clattering down in spite of our care. Then we were certain to reproach each other in whispers that would get louder and louder, and at last draw on us an inevitable scolding. Thanks to Dr Livingstone's affection for her, little Ethel invariably escaped.

He used, during his stay at Newstead, to read the daily prayers instead of my mother, and at their conclusion Ethel followed him closely to the breakfast room, generally holding his hand, when, indeed, he did not carry her, for she was then of very tender years, and only just promoted to attending prayers at all.

My mother had at this time an excellent housekeeper, a Devonshire woman, who was, in consequence, an adept in the manufacture of her native clotted cream. For this dainty Dr Livingstone had a great liking, and with it always concluded his own breakfast. In silence, therefore, being a young lady of great dignity and few words, my little sister would wait until the right moment arrived, and then stand by his chair, or sit on his knee, whilst he compounded for her delectation a most elaborate and delicious scone, plastered thickly over with jam and clotted cream.

From afar in our window we gazed on her with amazement, for in my childhood jam was permitted or butter, but never both, far less jam with clotted cream. It is only in Scotland, I fancy, that butter and jam are always combined as the inseparable accompaniment of the traditional "piece."

In vain did our dear nurse NaNa remonstrate with the giver on its superabundance. Dr Livingstone paid not the slightest heed to her words, and would even as a last resort humorously assert his medical authority, so that she was obliged to give in and eventually confess that, although against all nursery regulations, it never seemed to hurt Ethel or dim the bright pink and white that made her the show child of the family.

When I look back on the way children were habitually treated in those days I wonder so many lived to grow up, for once actual infancy was passed, it was thought by most parents their

duty to "harden" their offspring. The suffering we endured in consequence from cold was quite severe, and made most of us dread the winter months.

The entire house was admirably warmed by hot-water pipes, but these designedly stopped short of our nursery gallery. Whilst in our parent's company, we were, therefore, warm and comfortable, and they were unaware that at other times we shivered. Our gallery, moreover, was under the sloping roof at the top of the house, and had a stone floor, so we were baked in summer and frozen in winter.

Cold baths in the early morning, and fireless bedrooms at night for all children, except in cases of real illness, was the inflexible rule. I can myself recall sponges frozen as hard as rocks, a transformation regarded by us rather with favour than otherwise, since it made the horrors of the bath all the easier to evade—a humiliating confession, I know, but a true one.

Fresh air, strangely enough, was not then considered as the necessity to health it is now; and the usual morning airing of the rooms was conducted by the reluctant nursery-maids in a very perfunctory manner; whilst night air was regarded as positively pernicious, and after sunset all windows were tightly shut.

Nor were there any mitigations of the indoor cold, for hot bottles were tabooed as being "most unhealthy"; and eiderdown quilts were still uncommon luxuries, and certainly not to be given to children.

We were also, to most modern ideas, in -

adequately clad, for although we had thick woollen stockings for outdoor wear, our skirts were so brief, and our cloth jackets so short, that we suffered acutely at times in spite of them. Grown-up people were well wrapped-up; but children were supposed to run about and keep themselves warm.

In the house low-necked white dresses were worn, not solely in the evenings, but on all state occasions. It was no use murmuring, our poor mottled red arms were only considered "a sign of health"; indeed, we became, at last, so accustomed to feeling cold that we hardly paid attention to it. I can remember well a certain ancient warm shawl that was common property, and, therefore, almost fought for on cold mornings; whilst a few years later my sister Geraldine's splendid mane of brown hair was envied by us, not for its beauty, but because it kept her shoulders warm. These things happened, moreover, it must be noted, not in poor cottage homes, but in nurseries that prided themselves on their admirable management. Nor was it, of course, from motives of economy, for there was a deal of unnecessary luxury and even extravagance in other ways, where children were concerned; the thin cambric frocks were stiff and prickly with elaborate embroidery, and demanded endless washing and ironing.

It was merely the fashion of the times. The previous generations had been brought up in the same way, and considered themselves the better for it. Modern children have reason to be thankful that conditions have altered since half

a century ago. Yet now, as I have, in consequence, my own special and particular memory of Dr Livingstone, I do not regret my rather Spartan upbringing.

It was a very cold January afternoon, and I was out walking with my mother and some of her friends, Dr Livingstone, in his well-known cap and warm blue coat, being one of the party. Our walk was that day in the direction of the recently-built Newstead railway station, then a simple and very modest erection, and presenting a totally different aspect from what it does now. It was a very bleak region in those days. There were no lines of railway and no collieries round it as at present; but bare, wide fields only, and here and there a few meagre plantations.

We were returning home by the newly-planted avenue of young trees, through which the bitter east wind—that wind that all who live in the Midlands know only too well—cut like a knife. So cold was I, that I lagged behind the others for shelter, and at last could bear it no longer, but wept aloud for the pain in my frozen hands.

My dear mother, who never suffered from cold, became naturally impatient at my hanging behind, and still more at my tears. She could not understand my faltering excuse that I was too cold to help it, but Dr Livingstone did.

“Poor child,” he said, and his voice sounded very kind. “Don’t scold her. No one knows what it is to suffer from cold more than I do.” And he went further than mere words of excuse and pity, for in another moment his big woollen

gloves were drawn over my hands and arms, and I went home warm and comforted.

I think this little incident reveals a good deal about Dr Livingstone. His long sojourn in Africa had made him peculiarly susceptible to cold; but, happily, whilst staying at Newstead he hardly, if ever, had a touch of his old enemy, African fever. Indeed, except on the occasion when he was laid up for a day or two by the slight illness caused by the worry of his impending lecture at Mansfield, he was well the whole of that winter.

This was probably owing to the sandy soil of the district, for Newstead, although, or rather because, it is situated in the midst of a perfect network of ponds, is singularly dry and well drained, no water lying long on the surface of the ground.

My father, in like manner, although he had suffered continually from African fever on the Yorkshire clay, never had another attack after his arrival at Newstead, although, oddly enough, he had a sharp recurrence at San Remo nearly twenty-five years afterwards, and again, and this time a very severe attack, after his return from Africa ten years later. A bad case is, of course, serious, and even a slight one, with its alternate phases of violent shiverings and intense heat, is a distressing and alarming illness to witness by those unused to it; but Dr Livingstone always disclaimed any exaggerated pity for ordinary attacks of fever, and said a common English cold was a far more disagreeable complaint, and lasted longer, although it did not sound, of course, nearly so dramatic and dignified.

He was always unwilling to pose as a martyr or hero, or to exaggerate the hardships he had suffered from, and rarely, unless specially asked, spoke of his more disagreeable African experiences.

I can, however, remember my mother and some other ladies on one occasion enquiring as to his well-known escape from the lion. How the conversation had turned on that incident I cannot say, but it was during luncheon time, and as all present knew him very well, and it was prompted by real interest and not idle curiosity, he was most kind, and not only frankly answered all their questions, but allowed them, at my mother's request, when they rose from the table, to feel his broken arm with its so-called "false joint." I can see them in my mind's eye now approaching him one after another to feel it through his coat, and hear their little exclamations of surprise and pity. I should probably have forgotten the circumstance, had my mother not asked him if I might do the same; and as I was then too small to reach up to his shoulder comfortably, although he was not by any means, as is well-known, a tall man, I had to be held up to do so. I hardly, of course, then understood what the mysterious term "false joint" implied; but to this day I can recall distinctly the odd little shock when my fingers instead of running smoothly down his sleeve, as I expected, came upon a decided unevenness. It felt exactly as if the bone itself had given way in one's hand close to the shoulder. He was most patient and kind on this occasion over the whole proceedings, for I can see now plainly

how intensely he disliked showing himself off in this fashion, and that he only consented to please my mother, for whom he had a real regard.

My mother had often told me that during the eight months of Dr Livingstone's stay at Newstead, he never said one word she could have wished unsaid, or acted on any occasion otherwise than she would have desired, even to the most trifling details. And this, whilst being transparently truthful and singularly independent, not only in his ideas, but in other matters.

He had naturally the hereditary good breeding of all Highlanders, who, although in some cases, they may have minor details of etiquette to learn, never have anything essential to unlearn.

In Dr Livingstone his perfect simplicity of character made all things easy, not only to himself but to others, so that all in the house loved him. He made, without effort or consciousness on his own part, an indelible impression on all those with whom he came in contact. Casual visitors, who, perhaps, met him without other feeling than a languid curiosity, left full of enthusiasm for the man.

Every servant in the big household had a peculiar respect and affection for him; and, as we all know, none are better fitted to sit in judgment on our daily character and manners, or are more difficult as critics to satisfy.

Our nurse, the beloved and well-known NaNa in our nursery, and "dear Bellis" out of it, was in particular devoted to him. She it was who looked after him when he was ailing.

Moreover, Agnes from the first was her special charge, as she was a delicate girl. Dr Livingstone held his "good Bellis" in high esteem in consequence.

In none of his subsequent letters to my parents did he ever omit to send her some special kind message. I remember my mother referring to this some years later, when, to my parents' great indignation, doubt was cast on the genuineness of the letters brought home to them from Ujiji by Stanley in 1872, which letters, of course, contained the usual greetings to his old friend.

She was a most devoted friend as well as an excellent nurse, and a remarkable and superior woman, with great natural refinement, both in appearance and manners. She died in 1890, only surviving my dear mother's death in Africa by six weeks. Her loss to her "children" was irreparable. A good and faithful nurse is indeed one of the greatest blessings in a child's life.

CHAPTER XIV

MAN AND SPORTSMAN

ALTHOUGH Agnes on her arrival at Newstead was but an unformed schoolgirl, she had, in the course of a few months under my mother's care, so developed and improved in carriage and appearance as to be almost unrecognisable.

Previous to Dr Livingstone's return, she had of necessity led a very restricted life; but under his loving guidance and the congenial atmosphere around her, she now blossomed out in a way that delighted her friends. She had always been a noticeably nice girl; but as she gained in self-confidence, her modest manners, her intelligence, and her lovely eyes won every heart, and she made friends rapidly. Like her father, she was ever ready to respond to kindness—a gift of no mean order.

Her love for her father increased as their intercourse became more familiar and intimate. To the onlookers it had a touch of pathos, because of the inevitable separation that was before them, although no one could foresee how heavy was to be the weight of anxiety laid on those young shoulders in the after years.

It may surprise some to learn that whilst at Newstead Agnes was confirmed by the Bishop of

Lincoln,¹ and thereby became a recognised member of the Church of England. Her confirmation itself must have taken place in one of the neighbouring parish churches, but, in spite of enquiries, I cannot at this date say which. It could not, however, in any case have been at Newstead, for there has never been a confirmation or marriage there since the Chapter House was converted into its private chapel, Newstead being still held to be extra-parochial by some ancient exemption dating from medieval times, and not coming, in consequence, under regular episcopal jurisdiction. Although a Presbyterian, and even a minister, Dr Livingstone assisted in her preparation. In all such matters he was, as is well known, the most wide-minded of Christians, and absolutely devoid of denominational prejudice. His own faith was too much part of himself, his love of God too real, for him to be otherwise.

As he once said publicly,

“In going about we learn something, and it would be a shame if we did not; and we look back to our own country and view it as a whole, and many of the little feelings we had when immersed in our own denominations we lose, and we look to

¹ After Agnes Livingstone's marriage more than ten years later to Mr A. Bruce, she conformed, during his lifetime, to the Church of Scotland, of which he was an active, although very liberal-minded member. As his wife, she felt it was right and fitting for her to attend the same church, but a few years after his death she once more became an Episcopalian. She told me this herself on one of the last occasions that we met in Edinburgh. She added very simply that she was afraid this step had surprised and distressed her Scottish friends and relations; but that since her confirmation years before at Newstead she cared so much more for the services and teaching of the Episcopal Church that she felt it her duty to return to it, and knew well that neither her father nor her husband would have disapproved.

the whole body of Christians with affection. I am quite sure I look on all the different denominations in Hamilton and in Britain with feelings of affection. I cannot say which I love most. I am quite certain I ought not to dislike any of them."

To imply that he had leanings towards the Church of Rome would be, of course, absurd ; but, even then, he was quick to recognise all that was good in its individual members, and had a sincere feeling of respect for its mighty organisation, and the good sense as well as the devotion shown by the old Jesuit missionaries.

A Scotch Presbyterian missionary sent out from England in early Victorian days who could not only think, but publish in his first book that for his part he would "much prefer to see the Africans good Roman Catholics than idolatrous heathens" must have had, at least, the courage of his opinions.

His knowledge of the lives and writings of the Early Fathers was much greater than was popularly supposed, and he heartily revered and admired their piety.

Conditions change with time and circumstance, and in the first strenuous days of Christianity he realised from his own African difficulties better than others the advantages of monastic institutions with all their varied labours. I am not certain, indeed, whether this thought did not add to his appreciation of Newstead. He certainly understood far more clearly than many in those days the part the monks had acted to the benefit of agriculture and general civilisation.

Of course, he never himself officiated in the

church services in the old Chapter House; but he attended both morning and evening service each Sunday, when he sat in the gallery with us; also, he received the Holy Sacrament on the Sunday after his first arrival, and at all other times when it was administered. (To the best of my recollection this was once a month.) Agnes, after her confirmation, made her first communion with him on one of these occasions.

At the time no one thought there was anything in the least remarkable in this; although, of course, all knew that Dr Livingstone did not belong to the Anglican Church. That it was possible to object to his receiving the Holy Communion never struck any one as possible. The wonder would rather have been to the contrary.

The Rev. Curtis Jackson, one of the most charming and conscientious of men, was at that time and for many years afterwards, chaplain. He and my father were on the most friendly and affectionate terms, and he had also the highest regard for Dr Livingstone, whom he grew to know well.

I would not, indeed, have referred to this had there not been quite lately a rather heated discussion on this very point in one of our best-known English weekly papers. When one thinks of Dr Livingstone's simplicity over the matter at issue, few can but find his was the better part; whilst it is impossible to contemplate with satisfaction the idea that any Anglican priest should deny the privilege to such a man as Dr Livingstone.

But in all ways Dr Livingstone himself displayed a delicate reverence in such matters.

Even those who were habitually careless in speech understood this, and no scoffing or light word was ever said before him. His personality forbade such a thought, although he did not preach in and out of season, and by his own geniality encouraged innocent merriment and laughter.

In the African wilds, as at home, he had always kept Sunday as a day of rest, and impressed this rule, likewise, on the hunters and English travellers he met there.

I have myself always privately ascribed to some promise of the kind made to him in those far-off days, my father's great dislike to giving unnecessary trouble to servants or horses on Sundays.

This rigidity came to many of his acquaintances as a surprise, knowing that he could not be termed a strict churchman, but on this point he was inflexible. Save on one occasion, when, owing to an accident, there was urgent need of an oculist's advice, I have never known him allow a carriage to be taken out on Sunday.

Having emphasised this, it will make Dr Livingstone's moral courage in the following incident the clearer.

In one of the numerous ponds at Newstead there was a fish trap, a wire arrangement very like a huge rat trap. Service being over one Sunday afternoon, he, Dr Livingstone, my mother, and my uncle, Gerald Goodlake,¹ wandered down to

¹ Colonel Gerald Littlehales Goodlake, V.C., Coldstream Guards. He served all through the Crimean war, and received the Victoria Cross with two clasps for distinguished gallantry whilst in sole command of the Sharpshooters furnished by the Division on the 28th October 1854, when he held the Windmill Ravine below the Picket House against

this particular pond, and without, of course, any remembrance at the moment that it was Sunday, they, according to usual custom, drew up the fish trap, which, as it happened, contained a remarkably big perch. It was such a fine specimen, indeed, as to excite them all. In less time than it takes to describe, the prize was secured, and Dr Livingstone himself was actually carrying it home in triumph before the full significance of the deed dawned on my mother, and the scandal such a sight was likely to cause in the household was realised.

The rest of the story must be told in the words of an old friend, who was present at the time. "It was *Sunday*, and your Uncle Gerald came rushing up to me, saying, 'I do respect Livingstone. He is a real good man! He was carrying a big fish in, and Willie and Jane wanted him to hide it, so that the servants might not know he had caught it on a Sunday.' 'No,' said Dr Livingstone, 'if we did this thing, let us not conceal it. There was no harm in it.'"

And so I fancy would all agree to whom the spirit of truth means more than the mere formalities of religious observance.

a much larger force of the enemy. Also for distinguished gallantry on the 9th of November, on the occasion of the surprise of a picket of the enemy at the bottom of the Windmill Ravine. When Her Majesty Queen Victoria bestowed the Victoria Cross for the first time in Hyde Park in June 1857, a rather amusing incident occurred, although, of course, quite unknown to the Queen herself, for Her Majesty being mounted and her horse somewhat restive, as she was attaching the medal to my uncle's breast, the pin slipped and inflicted such a severe scratch, that it might be said with truth that the only blood he lost during the campaign was from the hand of his own sovereign.

Dr Livingstone's sympathies were with all true sportsmen. He took the liveliest interest in such matters, and knew so much of the habits of fish and birds that my father used to declare in jest, "that if Dr Livingstone had not been a great explorer and missionary he must have been a born poacher," and in illustration of this, used to relate with mischievous glee the following anecdote.

There are, as already mentioned, many ponds around Newstead. Two or three are even large enough to be dignified by the name of lakes. One of the largest and most remote is known as the Lower Lake, and on this my father had constructed a decoy for the many varieties of wild duck that abounded on its quiet waters.

It was strictly preserved, and was, therefore, the resort of all kinds of waterfowl, including some uncommon birds.

Dr Livingstone shared my father's interest in this decoy, and many pleasant hours were spent beside it together, for they used to visit it almost daily.

One evening they stayed on until twilight, watching for duck, and it was only the fear of being late for dinner that tore them away, just as some promising victims appeared on the scene.

Both were haunted at night by dreams of the self-same duck, and the following morning my father started out before breakfast to have a look at them. His amusement may be imagined when the first person he came across

proved to be Dr Livingstone, very wet, very muddy, but blissful as a schoolboy, with a couple of fine wild ducks dangling from his hand. He had got up even sooner than my father did to catch the early bird.

The risk of being captured by one of the keepers as a poacher—his appearance was disreputable enough for anything—had only added to the zest of the affair.

CHAPTER XV

THE AUTHOR AT WORK

DURING his stay at Newstead, Dr Livingstone occupied the large sunny room in the Sussex Tower, since known as the Livingstone Room. It is one of the few really modern parts of the house, and had two large windows facing due south, looking over the lawn with the oak tree that Byron planted in its centre. Beyond this garden were a lake and distant fields and woods.

The tree that Dr Livingstone planted, as well as its fellow, planted later by H. M. Stanley, is now to be seen on the opposite side of the lake, otherwise the view is practically unaltered.

The room in Dr Livingstone's time was hung with rather vivid red; and, in a kind of large recess, stood the most enormous four-post bed that I have ever seen. It had formed part of the ancient furniture of the house; tradition assigned it to the wicked Lord Byron of the eighteenth century, and furthermore asserted that he had died in it. This tradition is substantiated by the big gilt eagle on the vast canopy, and the stiff baronial coronets surmounting the four posts.

There was a little inner dressing-room, only

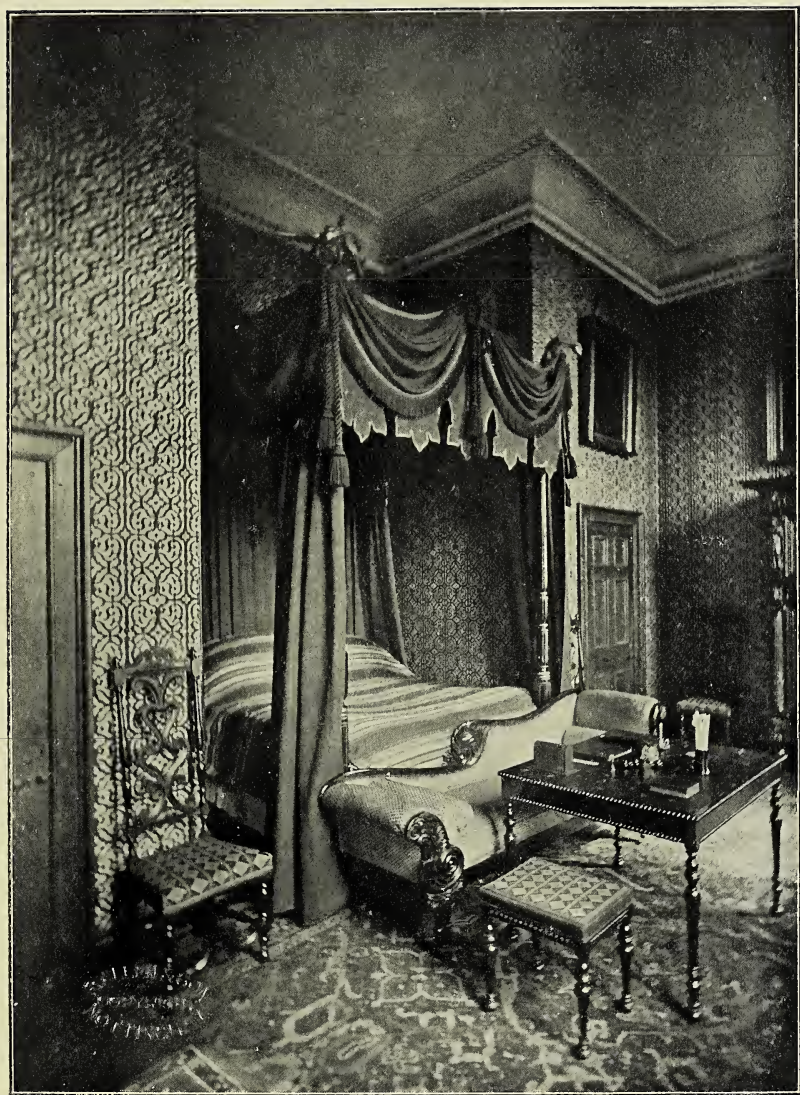
to be reached by a door and flight of steps from the larger apartment, which later made a very convenient lodging for Dr Livingstone's school-boy sons.

The furniture was mainly of dark carved wood, of which a large old Dutch cabinet was the chief feature. Its panels were decorated with quaint scenes out of the life of St John the Baptist in unusually high relief. Of these, in particular, the incident of Herodias receiving the head of John the Baptist from her daughter, was truly realistic, and used to impress me greatly as a child.

Dr Livingstone wrote his book on a large and black carved table. Square and solid, it was roomy enough to hold all his journals and many papers. He usually spent the morning in his own room at this task, and I seem to remember a good many playful allusions to his daily "lessons," for he detested the necessary writing most heartily, and, as is well known, wrote in the preface to his first volume of "Missionary Travels" that he "would rather cross the African Continent again than undertake to write another book."

For the rest of the day, however, he kept himself entirely free, and was able to shake off his literary cares, and enjoy himself to the full in his own quiet way. It was only towards the end, when time pressed, that he ever sat up at night to write.

He had begged Mr Oswell, as a continuance of his past kindness, to look over and correct his MS. before it was submitted to the publisher,



DR LIVINGSTONE'S BEDROOM, NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

[To face p. 116.]

and nowhere could he have found a better or more sympathetic helper.

Dr Livingstone's humility in all that concerned his own writings was so great that, in addition to this, he often asked, with the most disarming modesty, the criticisms of all those near at hand, whom he considered had more literary skill than he himself possessed. In this way an old friend of my father, Mr Robert Morritt, of Rokeby, a charming and cultivated man, and my aunt, Lady Lambert, were of great assistance to him.

This help, it may be shrewdly suspected, lay more in giving the author the encouraging sympathy he needed than in mere verbal alterations. For it is a curious fact that, unlike most of his kind, Dr Livingstone persistently underrated his own literary powers, and never realised that his terse and straightforward style rather heightened the effect of his descriptions than otherwise.

That the idea of a "book" paralysed his powers puzzled his friends the more, as he wrote letters, sometimes of a long and most scientific kind, with the greatest facility, and even took pleasure in his voluminous correspondence.

Probably the mere fact of its being regular sedentary work, to which he was unaccustomed, had more to do with his dislike than he was aware of. Later he found the labour of making a fair copy for the publisher so trying that there came a time when all in the house who could write a clear hand were requisitioned to help him; and although, even then, the divided labour

was considerable, there was no one who was not proud of the honour.

In this way, not only Agnes Livingstone, but my grandmother, Mrs Goodlake, and my father and mother, in particular, copied an enormous amount of MS. My parents, oddly enough, without any effort at imitation on their part, wrote so nearly the same hand that it is almost impossible to distinguish between their handiwork, a fact that always shook my faith in the theories of self-styled graphologists, as the actual characters of my parents were most dissimilar.

My dear Grannie, in her love for me, declared that I must also help in the work of transcription, so that in my old age I should remember the occasion. As my writing, more especially with pen and ink, was then a very recent accomplishment, it was necessary, after various unsuccessful attempts, for her to write out a minute portion in pencil, which with infinite care and labour I traced over in ink.

At the time she was laughed at for her trouble; but her tender fancy fulfilled its aim, since, after all these years, I do, in consequence, remember the manuscript form of the famous travels. It was written on white ruled foolscap, and seemed to me then of interminable bulk, packets of it invading as they did every available writing table in the house; so that when I contemplated it, I wondered at Dr Livingstone's murmurs over his "lessons" no longer.

It is a characteristic touch that when in April the arduous task was concluded, it was

to his daughter, Agnes, that he deputed the pleasure of writing "finis." It may be doubted which was the happier of the two when the last of the heavy packets was safely despatched to its destination.

The Christmas of 1864 was kept in true old-fashioned style. The more so, perhaps, on Dr Livingstone and his children's account; and also to give the heartier English welcome to Colonel and Mrs Palmer, who were also spending the winter months with us.

They had gone through the Indian Mutiny since my father had last parted with them at Simla, and still bore traces of its tragic memories, but not even all she had suffered could quench Mrs Palmer's high spirits and her brightness and vivacity. She was very musical, and, in consequence, quickly made friends with our governess, Miss Eleanor A——. To this we owed many gay evenings in the newly-instituted school-room, at that time a curious, long, low room, with four stone columns in the midst, the space between being easily converted by temporary curtains into an impromptu stage.

Thus, after entertaining my mother, and our other grown-up guests at school-room tea, we relinquished our rights, and took the place of audience, when Mrs Palmer would organise charades, sing, play duets with Agnes and Miss A——, and even on occasion dance quadrilles, the last being ostensibly on Agnes's account, and also to initiate my sister Geraldine and myself into their mysteries.

I am not at all sure, indeed, whether on more than one occasion Dr Livingstone was not induced to be more than a mere spectator; for I seem to remember his being piloted through some of the figures, as well as myself.

Altogether it was a bright and innocent time, and his and Agnes's evident enjoyment was not the least of its pleasures.

I remember next, the Christmas Eve in the big stone dining hall, whose walls were decorated with banners and armour, besides many of my father's best trophies from Africa, in particular the head of an enormous rhinoceros over the big stone mantelpiece seemed to dominate all the rest, and to be lost in wonder at its incongruous wreath of holly.

The large fireplace was one of the principal features of the hall, projecting as it did far into the room, in shape almost like a miniature house. Underneath its carved stone roof blazed the enormous fire, giving out that true glow of the Midlands, which all who have been brought up in that region know so well.

We were a large house party of children and grown-up people, including Agnes and, I think, both her brothers. I know Dr Livingstone joined in all the Christmas games in the true boyish spirit.

We ended with blind man's buff, and he was caught and blindfolded; but this brought the evening to an abrupt and rather unfortunate conclusion, for in his energetic attempts to catch us, he dashed himself against the sharp stone corner of the afore-mentioned fireplace,



THE DINING HALL AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

which by ill-luck was exactly the height of his forehead, so that he cut himself rather badly. I need hardly say he made light of it, but the cut bled a good deal, and he was obliged to have it promptly bathed and plastered up. Our evening's sport, therefore, ended in some confusion.

There was later another accident, happily less serious, when my sister Geraldine missed her footing and rolled the whole way down a broad and slippery flight of stairs leading from my grandmother's room to the corridor below. Dr Livingstone chanced, fortunately, to be passing; and was able to catch her in his arms and carry her off shrieking to the drawing-room, where he examined her with professional care. Great was the relief, I remember, when it was found that her small arm was only badly bruised and not broken, as was at first supposed—a fragmentary picture, but showing his ready hand, as well as his kind heart. He was invariably good to us, and seemed to love all young things.

My mother's sister Olivia,¹ then a mere child herself, for she was the most juvenile of aunts, remembers clearly how fond she was of Dr Livingstone, and how he used to take her off for walks by herself. He discovered that her great dread was being asked questions before people, so at luncheon time he would turn to her and say mischievously, "What is the capital of Timbuctoo?" adding in a whisper, "Say capital T, of course"—a trifle, but it is by such trifles that character is revealed, and a loving memory built up.

¹ Now the Marquise de Lasteyrie.

CHAPTER XVI

THE FAMOUS MRS COTTLE

THE New Year of 1865 brought with it, amongst other festivities, a ball given by our near neighbours, Mr and Mrs Chaworth Musters, at Annesley.

This was one of the loveliest old houses in Nottinghamshire, full of interesting associations and pictures, and as it was certain with its charming young hostess to be a very pleasant dance, it was decided by my mother, with Dr Livingstone's full approval, to be a fitting opportunity for Agnes to make her first appearance in public.

My mother, at that time, was not well enough to chaperon her; so Agnes was entrusted to the care of Mrs Frank Palmer, who, as might be expected from her tastes, was delighted to undertake the charge of such a handsome girl. She was immensely proud of Agnes's success; and I recollect hearing afterwards how much her charge had been admired and how she had been called "the belle of the evening." We had never heard the term used before; and it, therefore, mystified our childish minds not a little, as we only connected it in our ignorance with the great bell in the Sussex Tower, which

rang for daily prayers and meal-times. Amongst my childish recollections, none stand out more vividly than those of that particular evening.

In the first place we were allowed as a special favour to sit up to see Agnes dressed for the event; and this in itself was an unknown excitement, whilst for days past little else had been discussed and thought of in the nursery.

Although we were solaced at intervals with milk and sponge cakes, the time seemed long, indeed, before we were summoned to view her in her glory.

In my mind's eye I can still see the lofty shadowed room with its big carved bed and crewel worked curtains, the picture of Lord Byron's dog Boatswain looking down on us from the wall, whilst in the midst stood Agnes herself surrounded by admiring maids holding candles, so that she seemed to stand in a little island of light.

Very quiet and rather shy, she yet looked extraordinarily handsome, her velvety eyes and cheeks alike glowing, and her dark brilliant face set off by the knots of cerise velvet which her elders had decreed should supplement for once the regulation "coming out" white ball-dress.

In those days it was almost an unwritten law that all blondes should wear white with pale blue and brunettes pink; but Agnes's beauty was so Spanish in character and colouring as to make even the pink impossible, and the brilliant cerise which would have overwhelmed most complexions certainly suited her to perfection.

The dress I only remember as a cloud of snowy white; but I have since heard that it consisted of

many flowing overskirts of soft white tulle over white silk, looped here and there with a bow of the same cerise. The general effect was certainly poetical in spite of the crinoline.

To add to all, NaNa hovered around highly elated with the success of her handiwork, and directing the attention of all present in particular to Agnes's elaborate Grecian plaits, which were her special pride. The abundance of Agnes's black and silky locks, and her great docility and patience under NaNa's hands—qualities which I am afraid as children we did not share—assisting in this achievement.

The result to Agnes's appearance as a whole, either on account, or in spite, of the said plaits was eminently satisfactory, and even in her old age Agnes used to speak of our nurse's pride in her with a tender smile of amusement.

As for us we were never likely to forget that night, for the incredible number of plaits that NaNa made, and their extraordinary length became a tale that was told and retold in the nursery for years afterwards, when we became restive under NaNa's hands in such matters. Agnes's good looks were, especially in her first girlhood, most striking. Attractive she ever was, with her beautiful candid eyes, expressive face and slow but very bright smile; but care and sorrow made her lose her girlish bloom comparatively early, and as she grew older her likeness to her father became more pronounced. Slim and rather above the middle height, she had the delicate hands and feet of a Spanish woman, her type was singularly unlike one of

northern descent, although her style of beauty is by no means rare in the West Highlands, and she probably owed it to some of her ancestors there, as she certainly did her soft voice. She had a most gentle and attractive manner, and her speech rather slower than is usual in England, but without any trace of Scottish accent, emphasised her good looks the more. I have never seen her beauty mentioned elsewhere, and yet it was an undoubted factor in her life at this time, since it interested so many strangers in her at first sight.

Dr Livingstone, although he attached no undue importance to good looks, and even possibly underrated their powers on others, was excessively proud of Agnes, and in good truth had every reason to be so, since in her case her face was only a reflection of her fine character.

As for Agnes, she always appeared (and I think was) absolutely unconscious that she was in any way remarkable. Her absence at all times of self-consciousness being not the least of her attractions. She was naturally and rightly proud of being her father's daughter, but in all other ways was singularly lacking in personal vanity.

Another episode of this month's doings requires a little preliminary explanation.

There existed a certain eccentric Mrs Cottle. I suppose she is now forgotten, but in the sixties she was a well-known personage, regarded by public men as a nightmare or a joke, according to the temperament of those favoured with her embarrassing attentions.

So far as I can gather at this distance of time, she was in reality the respectable and elderly widow of a rich manufacturer. Peculiar to the verge of folly, her craze took the ambitious form of devising a new form of religion, which she named "The Cottle Dispensation," the said "Dispensation" being founded on her own private interpretation of sundry texts in the Bible. In England, however, that land of liberty in all religious matters, no one could restrain or interfere with her, and being possessed of ample means, she was enabled to gratify her fancy, and to have what she was pleased to term her "works," printed for private circulation on an extensive scale. She was in the habit of sending huge packets of this unwelcome literature to all whose name came in any way before the public. I have heard, indeed, that no member of Parliament, however obscure, could complain of her neglect for his spiritual welfare.

It can readily be understood, therefore, that Dr Livingstone was a special object of her generosity, the more so since his name lent itself all too easily to her novel interpretations of scripture, and she referred to it freely, to the owner's great chagrin, as "The Living Stone."

I believe her writings were as dull as they were voluminous, and only remarkable for their apparently quite unconscious irreverence. I was, in consequence, never allowed to open them; but the outward appearance of the bulky paper-covered volumes I remember well enough, also the groans of dismay with which each fresh

consignment was received by Dr Livingstone. Their end was, of course, to be handed over to the housemaids to light the fires with; but once or twice some adventurous spirit had the curiosity to try and read them, and a few quotations survived as family jokes. One or two samples will suffice to show their quality, and to explain Dr Livingstone's natural antipathy to their author. I believe these quotations are accurate, but, under the circumstances, cannot, of course, follow the wise injunction "to verify your references."

Mrs Cottle's method was indeed a simple one. She printed on the one page any chance text that took her fancy, and on the opposite one added her notes and interpretation. These were often ludicrous in the extreme, for she not only looked on each text as a literal prophecy, but constantly applied it to her own most trivial personal affairs. Thus after the words, "There shall be great tribulation in those days," there followed on the opposite page in a "Note" by Mrs Cottle: "which was accomplished last month, when Susan, my cook, quarrelled with Sarah, the housemaid, and the whole kitchen was in an uproar."

Occasionally, she rose to higher flights, as when, after transcribing, "He was taken from us," she added in the usual "Note by Mrs Cottle," "which came to pass when my lamented husband, Mr Cottle,

"Went to Heaven in a chair
Made by Ward of Leicester Square."

Not that Mrs Cottle often soared into verse,

nor even, indeed, into such coherence of idea, but from the above specimens it will be clear that Dr Livingstone was exactly of the nature to suffer acutely from her adulation.

He might have tried to laugh at it, had she confined herself merely to sending him her printed productions; but growing bolder as time went on, she not only continued to bombard him with her books and pamphlets, but with autograph letters as well. Silence and discouragement were alike useless — no rebuffs seemed to daunt her. At last she declared nothing would satisfy her but a personal interview. This prospect reduced Dr Livingstone to absolute terror, although it was a source of great amusement to his friends, and especially to my father. The whole household, indeed, knew and laughed over Mrs Cottle's possible advent; for the very housemaids wearied of the big packages of putty-coloured books that had to be continually disposed of. Yet well as Mrs Cottle was known by name, none of us, nor even any of our acquaintances, had beheld her in the flesh. It was thus possible to draw on our imagination to any extent as to her appearance, and my father did this to the full, for he had a lively fancy and a sense of humour.

Such was the state of things when one snowy afternoon, just as it was growing dusk, an unknown lady appeared at the front door, and announced herself to the butler as having come to see Dr Livingstone.

She was dressed in rather an old-fashioned way, and seemed of uncertain age. She did not

give any name, but said she was Mrs Cottle's niece, and had been sent by her celebrated aunt to interview the not less celebrated Dr Livingstone.

Taken aback as he was by her unexpected invasion at that late hour, Dr Livingstone rose bravely to the occasion in his relief at finding that the stranger was not the dreaded Mrs Cottle.

He received her in the library, and was informed by his visitor that she had driven the long eleven miles from Nottingham, in spite of the snow, to have the privilege of speech with him at her aunt's request. She explained further that Mrs Cottle was at the time far from well, or she would certainly have come in person, but intended to do so next time without fail! One can imagine Dr Livingstone's sigh of relief at this respite. My father and mother were overcome with inward laughter at his despairing looks, but while pitying his dismay, it was difficult for them to help him to get rid of the intruder in their own house without actual rudeness. He was, therefore, left to take what measures he thought advisable under the circumstances. His visitor proved too obtuse for ordinary hints. In vain he offered her tea, which she refused firmly; in vain he showed her various objects of interest in the house; she did not care to see them, she had been sent by her aunt to pay homage to Livingstone, and that alone would satisfy her.

At last, he suggested that as it was getting late might he not order her carriage? Here

she replied it had been left at the stables on account of the heavy snow, and she would have to walk back to it. Now the stables at Newstead are a considerable distance from the house, but charmed at the idea of his release, Dr Livingstone said promptly he would in that case accompany her, and inwardly exultant he escorted her down the stairs to the front door.

Very cold and very deep did the snow look that night, and far, far away the stable lights appeared.

For the first time the stranger hesitated, and then, turning round between shame and laughter, confessed that the whole affair was a practical joke devised by Mrs Palmer, and carried out by herself, and that she was young Miss A—, who had been living in the same house all the winter.

It was Mrs Palmer who had dressed her up; thereby disguising her youth and prettiness so cleverly, that no one who had seen "Mrs Cottle's niece" had the faintest idea of her identity.

Dr Livingstone was far too kind, and, it may be inferred, too thankful at being spared the prospect of the real Mrs Cottle's promised appearance not to enter into the humour of the situation, even though he were the victim.

Perhaps some tradition of the old mystifications that were so popular in Edinburgh earlier in the century made him the more ready to enjoy the wit and fun of the incident. My mother as a rule never allowed a practical joke in her house, as she properly detested them, but at this she could but smile.

Miss A—— was made to appear amongst us afterwards in her disguise, and even then was hardly to be recognised, for the various clever touches Mrs Palmer had added to her dress and general make up, caused her to appear quite an elderly woman. She must have had the makings of a good actress, for she had carried out her part to perfection, neither by voice nor manner betraying herself for an instant. She said, indeed, that but for Dr Livingstone's politeness in accompanying her, and the idea of the walk in the snow in her thin house shoes, she could have kept up her assumed character to the end.

The joke had, at least, the effect which possibly Mrs Palmer anticipated (for she was full of worldly wisdom), that from henceforward Mrs Cottle's name was but a signal of laughter for all, Dr Livingstone included. His fictitious visitor had displaced his dread of the real prototype.

CHAPTER XVII

FRIENDS, NEIGHBOURS, AND ACQUAINTANCES

FIFTY years ago week-end visits were not invented. Friends then were friends, and arrived to stay for a leisurely ten days or fortnight at the least. And if this entailed some loss in variety, there was a gain on the other hand in visitors having the opportunity of laying the foundations of a life-long friendship.

Dr Livingstone greatly disliked being lionised ; at the same time it was natural that many of my parents' old friends, who had hitherto only been acquainted with him slightly or by report, should wish to know him better, and found his presence at Newstead an additional attraction.

Sir Roderick and Lady Murchison he had known since his first return to England in 1856, through his connection with the Royal Geographical Society, so they cannot be included in this category ; but between October and Christmas Sir Henry and Lady Rawlinson, Mr E. Denison (afterwards Lord Ossington, the Speaker of the House of Commons at the time), Sir William Fraser and his two soldier brothers, Colonel Charles and Colonel Keith Fraser, my grandparents, Mr and Mrs Goodlake, and my uncle, Colonel Gerald Good-

lake, and many other clever and charming friends found their way thither that autumn. These, at least, were at Newstead before Christmas, as well as others of whose names I can find no record. A few may have come merely from desire to see a man so much talked of, but none left without a warmer, even an affectionate, interest in Dr Livingstone and in his daughter.

Few of his friendships, perhaps, gave more gratification to Dr Livingstone than that with Sir Roderick Murchison whose Highland descent, as well as his noble character and fine talents, appealed to him. From the beginning of his career as an explorer, and when comparatively unknown, he had always met from him with the most generous recognition, and Dr Livingstone was ever grateful for this.

I remember myself both Sir Roderick and Lady Murchison very clearly, the more so as for some years their visit was annually repeated.

Sir Roderick, tall and rather stately, with an upright bearing, reminding us that he had been a soldier before he became a great geologist: he had the courtly and rather elaborate manners of the old school, and was in this a contrast to Lady Murchison; in her way equally remarkable. Admittedly three years older than her distinguished husband, she looked more, and with her tiny figure, expressive face, and vivacious manner, reminded me always — so irreverent is childhood — of a benevolent, pretty old witch; whilst, to complete the resemblance her familiar spirit seemed ever in attendance in

the shape of an equally diminutive, close-haired Skye terrier, not unlike herself. This little creature she carried under one arm; it even sat in her lap during meals, to the great amusement of us children and the veiled annoyance of many of the elders; but nothing would induce her to separate herself from her pet. She was an extremely clever woman, and (I am told by one who knew her well), an excellent conchologist, besides being well read in botany and astronomy. It was mainly by her influence, as he himself always testified, that her husband was won to scientific pursuits. So long as health permitted, she was his constant companion and helper in all his geological travels from the wilds of the North Highlands to the Alps. To her skilful pencil was due the first delineation of the famous "Fossil Fox" of Ehningen, which sketch enabled the great Cuvier to describe that novel animal. Her tongue was witty past belief, although not always as discreet as it was diverting; but whenever she chose to exert her powers of conversation, it was the signal for a ripple of laughter, and there was no man who did not prefer to sit next to her at dinner than to any one else in the room.

Sir Roderick used at times to become rather disturbed at her sallies, and the scene then grew almost worthy of comedy, since his attempts to repress her were as futile as they were droll.

In particular I recall a luncheon at which Lady Murchison's description of a large country house party given in honour of H.R.H. the Duke

of Clarence, in the days of her girlhood, became at last altogether too much for Sir Roderick's equanimity. According to her account, and there is no reason to doubt her veracity, for it was in the days of the Regency, the chief feature, next to the presence of the royal duke, was the quantity of wine the gentlemen of the party could dispose of after dinner.

With her bright old eyes gleaming with mischief, she recounted how all the ladies left the dining-room as quickly as they could, and thankfully retreated upstairs, there to hear from afar the revels of the men below. Of the enormous amount of bottles of all kinds of wine provided, and of how a chain was brought in by the butler and solemnly padlocked round the chairs, so that none of the party could, even if they would, leave their carouse until the next morning, when it was as solemnly unlocked, and all the intoxicated guests were carried off helpless to their rooms by their respective valets, there to sleep off the effect of their potations.

All this with a wealth of illustration that must be left to the imagination. We children, as might be supposed, listened wide-eyed to the recital.

Sir Roderick, who had become more and more restive with each fresh detail, finding his frowns and whispered ejaculations quite ineffective, at last broke in with an agonised, "Really, really, my dear—surely you mistake, or at least not—not the Duke of Clarence—not good King William!"

"Why, the Duke was the worst of the lot!" came the unabashed answer. "He was found

lying under the kitchen table, and in the daytime, although how he got there nobody knew."

At which there was a general explosion of laughter, as much at Sir Roderick's discomfited face as at her retort.

Notwithstanding her love of teasing him in this way, they were on the best of terms, and she was a most kind and good woman. Underneath all her sparkle and fun she was sincerely religious. When the news of her death reached Dr Livingstone in Africa some years later, it may be remembered how much affected he was at hearing at the same time that she had always prayed for his safety.

As he put it in his journal, "If I had known, it would have been a great encouragement to me."

She was a charming fellow-guest, and when not talking and amusing others, used to amuse herself by playing "patience"; and an old friend of mine, who was one of the party, tells me that Lady Murchison taught her no fewer than fourteen varieties of this tranquillizing game during this very visit to Newstead.

It will seem almost incredible, not to say ludicrous, to hear that even as late as this, modern geology was regarded by many otherwise excellent and educated people with a good deal of suspicion. It was thought "upsetting" to the then idea of revealed religion, and even rather sacrilegious.

We can smile at this now; but in those days it was often no laughing matter, and my mother suffered a good deal from hearing my father's opinions criticised pretty severely,

although such disapproval was based mainly on the great interest he took in geology. It is true that from his inherent love of fun, he was rather given to shocking the more narrow-minded of his acquaintances by his geological assertions as to dates and times—a piece of amusement that is always a mistake (since none are so obstinate as the ignorant), and one that Sir Roderick himself always discountenanced.

The eminently sane and reasonable views of Dr Livingstone in all such scientific matters, joined to his known intense feeling for true religion, had far more value than is, perhaps, now realised on both sides of the question at the time.

Even if no orthodox beliefs were supposed to be involved, the very accuracy with which the presence of minerals below could be predicted from the formation of the strata above, was thought hardly “canny.” I have heard it said how “queer” and strange it was thought that Sir Roderick and my father during this very visit should one afternoon, whilst out shooting with a large party, suddenly become so absorbed in “some old stones” as not only to neglect their birds, but to be discovered still discussing them when the day’s sport came to an end. To complete the surprise of the party Sir Roderick declared that the day would shortly come when the face of the whole country around would be dotted with collieries, as he was sure from his examination of the “old stones” that coal existed beneath the whole district.

At this time the nearest collieries were at

Hucknall, and of very recent origin; but within a dozen years from his words pits were sunk at Annesley, Linby, Newstead, Bestwood, and elsewhere, so that his prophecy was fulfilled.

I tell the story here because I have heard it said that my father bought Newstead, knowing there was valuable coal under the estate; but this is not correct, for he had then only a very superficial knowledge of geology, and it was Sir Roderick who first spoke of it with authority, for although, of course, all had known for years that coal was likely to be found anywhere in Nottinghamshire, it was merely a vague idea.

Sir Roderick was always most good to me as a child, and I was so used to seeing him that he did not even make me feel shy, save when in fun he would hail me as the future president of the Royal Geographical Society and his successor—a form of banter I disliked much, the reason for this being that my mother, soon after my fourth birthday, had initiated me into the first mysteries of geography, by showing and explaining to me an atlas.

I knew already how to read pretty well, so that in a short time, greatly to her surprise and pleasure, I was able to answer her geographical questions with, apparently, no trouble. She told my father, and he, amused and somewhat mystified, tried his best to puzzle me; but in vain. Lastly, in his turn, he took to showing me off to his geographical friends, always with the same result. In the end it became almost the custom, when he had friends staying with him, and we children came down in our prickly

white frocks before dinner, that I should be examined, and, if possible, found wanting. But I do not think I ever made a mistake, although this arose from no merit of my own, and certainly not from love of knowledge. In fact, I could not answer incorrectly, for, although at the time all thought me a small wonder, the real truth was that I possessed naturally what is now, I believe, termed a good visualising memory, and had but to close my eyes to see the map required as clearly as if it were open before me.

Sir Roderick's questions would otherwise have been the most difficult to answer, for, as befitted his position as President of the Royal Geographical Society, he was too wary and wise to be contented, as others generally were, with mere names in answer to his enquiries, but insisted on my giving the locality, and whether the place lay north, south, east, or west of that previously mentioned. Even this, of course, was easy enough, for, as I said, in my childish fashion I had but to shut my eyes, and then I saw the map in my head.

It seems rather singular, according to modern ideas, that none of the very able and learned men who used to amuse themselves with my peculiarity ever enquired into the method by which I arrived at the result; but modern psychology, as now understood, was then in its infancy, and I was praised for a faculty which I could no more help than the colour of my eyes.

At the time, however, I was neither shy nor elated by the notice I received, for I had no room for such feelings, and my only thought in the matter was to please my father. It used to

delight him to put me in the centre of a group of his scientific friends, and to see their amazement at the way in which the very small child before them reeled off the long African and other names without the smallest hesitation. I have far more shyness now when I look back on the scene than I ever had at the time. Whether I could have done it as easily with the present crowded and complicated map of Africa, I doubt; but in those days the Dark Continent was deliciously easy, a fringe of coast towns, and a few very sparsely scattered names throughout the vast interior, being at that time all that was required.

I could, of course, manage all the other continents also, and the principal European countries, but Africa was generally chosen by my father for his examinations.

The only way that I could be confused, I found, was by being shown several different maps of the same country, as then my mental image became blurred. This made me liable in my schoolroom days to various severe remarks from my teachers as to my curious predilection for the oldest atlas, and my absurdity and affectation at saying no others were of "any good to me."

It was the same with learning poetry by heart, for, if the edition were changed, I was at a loss, and had all the trouble of learning it over again. I had a similar experience later with music, so that the story of the young lady who declared that she could not play Chopin in a cheaper edition than her own, did not amuse me in the least, since, from my point of view, it would only have been sober fact.

I must apologise for this somewhat egoistical digression, but as it may explain, and possibly excuse, some poor child's supposed stupidity over its lessons, this must be my excuse. I can write of my youthful gift the more easily, in so much as with years it has almost, if not quite, vanished; and I am now no brighter as to memory than ordinary people, and possibly even at a greater disadvantage, as I was so accustomed to rely on the old faculty that it is now as if a permanent book of reference had been taken away.

NOTE

In the ruined Chapel of St Clement at Dingwall, which was the burial place of Sir Roderick's maternal ancestors (the Mackenzies of Fairburn) during three centuries, is the following inscription:—

To the Memory of

SIR RODERICK I. MURCHISON, BART., K.C.B.,
G.C.St.A., G.C.St.S., ETC.,

ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF MODERN GEOLOGY,
SON OF KENNETH MURCHISON OF TARADALE,
GRANDSON OF RODERICK MACKENZIE OF FAIRBURN,

Born at Taradale Feb. 19, 1792,
Died in London Oct. 22, 1871.

Served in the 36th Regiment of Foot and 6th Inniskilling Dragoons. Was Present at Roleia, Vimiera, Carrying the Colours of his Regiment, and Corunna; also at the Siege of Cadiz.

Generous, Chivalrous, Magnanimous, in Duty Fearless, a Faithful, Perfect Friend, his Heart ever remained True to the Land of his Forefathers.

CHAPTER XVIII

MR A. HAYWARD, Q.C.

It was the end of January 1865 when Mr Hayward came to Newstead, principally, it may be inferred, to see Dr Livingstone. At that time he was, apart from his undoubted literary talents as shown by his brilliant reviews and historical essays, a noteworthy character in political circles. He possessed an extraordinary influence with the Government, and was regarded, and in truth was, the unofficial but regular political agent of Lord Palmerston, who made use of him as an emissary on various important occasions. It was in this capacity that he had been entrusted with the task of finding out from Dr Livingstone himself what he desired the Government to do for him; and it was only many years later, when in Africa, that Dr Livingstone realised how much more he might have asked at the time, not for himself but for his children. It was, perhaps, the only worldly regret he ever expressed in his life, when he wrote to Agnes, referring to this visit of Mr Hayward to Newstead :—

“It never occurred to me, that he meant anything for me or my children, till I was out here. I thought only of my work in Africa, and answered accordingly.”

At the time all Dr Livingstone thought of asked for, and obtained, was free access to the African highlands by means of the Zambesi and Shire rivers, to be formally ratified by treaty with Portugal, an object which, although clearly most desirable, was only attained after much delay by our Foreign Office.

That Dr Livingstone's personal interests were singularly neglected at this time by the said Foreign Office must be confessed, for although a little later (in March) he received a commission giving him authority over the African chiefs from the Portuguese boundary to Abyssinia, he was at the same time informed officially that he was to expect neither salary nor pension for his services. As he had asked for neither, this seemed needlessly offensive, and he felt it keenly at the time. It was explained, by way of apology afterwards, that the unhappy wording of the letter had been unintentional and due to the mistake of some under-official, but the actual meaning was clear and remained unchanged, and was not to the credit of the authorities.

Mr Hayward in all probability had no idea how straitened were Dr Livingstone's means, for the latter was far too proud and too little alive to his worldly interests to speak of such matters, more especially to a stranger, and my parents, from motives of delicacy, would never have mentioned the subject, whatever good they may have hoped should proceed from the meeting. They could, and did, provide a suitable opportunity and facilities as far as possible for the discussion of the matter between their two friends, but to use their own

personal influence with either I know they would not have thought right.

My mother in such matters was the most honourable woman I have known. The words Dr Livingstone wrote on his own wife just after death might, with equal truth, have been applied to her. "A right straightforward woman was she."

In any case Dr Livingstone so far as he was personally concerned, missed his chance, although even if he had fully comprehended at the time all it implied it is doubtful whether he would have said anything. Possibly, indeed probably, he did not find Mr Hayward himself altogether sympathetic, for many did not, and although it is difficult for a girl to judge of any one in their decline, I never could myself understand his past brilliance, and the effect that he certainly had produced on his contemporaries. He was in appearance a small and insignificant man; even from my earliest recollections he looked grey and old. Indeed, he seemed to belong to the species who never have been young. He had keen blue eyes that cut like a steel knife, and a mouth in keeping with them. I believe his speeches were often as cynical as they were witty.

Many years later I used to see him at parties in London, looking like a sad, little, grey ghost, evidently very infirm. I used to wonder what pleasure he could find in such scenes. I think he sometimes wondered at it himself, for once at a party when I went to greet him, he said something to that effect, and gave a sigh of such deep regret for his younger days that I felt distressed about it for a long time afterwards.

There is no bitterness to some natures like that of having outlived one's reputation. At the time of which I write, however, Mr Hayward was still at the height of his influence, and enjoying his power, although he owed it almost as much to the dread and fear of his caustic tongue as to his abilities.

I have heard he was always in his happiest and most genial mood at Newstead, for, although no two people could have been apparently more unlike, a true friendship existed between the odd, worldly little man and my mother. He showed her his best side. Nearly all men liked and admired my mother. Her great directness and simplicity of character, joined to her single-hearted devotion to my father appealed to their better nature as much as her extraordinary vitality and Irish type of beauty—for both of which in her youth she was so remarkable—did to their æsthetic perceptions. I have often heard it said by those who knew her best, that she was far more like a charming boy than an ordinary woman, especially in her total absence of vanity and coquetry. Beautifully neat in her appearance as she always was, she cared really nothing for dress, and never even looked in a glass for weeks together.

That her brightness, youth, and kind ways should have attracted Mr Hayward, it is easy to understand; but that she had a genuine liking—I may almost call it affection—for him is more difficult to realise; yet this certainly was the case, and even when she did not see him, he was one of the few people with whom she corresponded regularly. There may, perhaps, have been a touch

of natural vanity in the fact that Mr Hayward, who was so able, so much sought after, and who cared for so few people, should take trouble to please her. He not only talked his best in her company, but wrote to her for years from the Houses of Parliament the most clever and delightful letters full of political and literary witticisms, besides giving her, in wittiest form, the current news of the day.

Even apart from such attractions this was a genuine friendship; and although few guessed its origin, it was built on a firmer foundation than was supposed. To such friendships there is, perhaps, no truer basis than a similar literary taste; and little as Mr Hayward looked the part, he was in reality as much a poet as a critic, and although he lacked the power of expression, he would himself have preferred the higher gift. He exemplified the old saying that a critic is only "an artist turned sour." In his case without doubt his favourite production was the excellent prose translation of Goethe's *Faust*, which he had published in his youth, the year before he first made my mother's acquaintance. This was then, and for long held to be, the best version of its kind in existence.

Now little as any guessed it, my mother was not only a very fair German scholar, at a period when to know the language well was by no means usual, but as a young girl she had, on her own account, and with the sublime audacity of youth, herself begun a translation of *Faust*. Marriage prevented her going on with the mighty task; but the first part of it survived among her private

papers, written in her pointed, delicate hand in many ruled copy books, and the memory was still dear to her. Years later, she once showed them to me between tears and smiles; and although I joined with her in her amusement at her ambition, I felt at the same time astonished, not at the imperfections of the translation, full of shortcomings as it doubtless was, but at the absolute sincerity and simplicity with which even most difficult passages were rendered, or, I should rather say, attacked.

If my mother confessed her early attempt to Mr Hayward, and, perhaps, was persuaded to show him her elementary and naïve translation, the two must have found a great deal in common, for she, at least, could appreciate his difficulties in the task. That he possibly was aware of her attempt is justified by the inscription in the copy of his translation that he gave to her. She herself knew a great part of *Faust* almost by heart in German; and it was always one of her best cared for books.

There was another and much less romantic side to Mr Hayward's friendship. He was well known as a great "gourmet," both as to wines and cooking, and had written a book, once famous if now only known to the few (but then far more esteemed than his translation of *Faust*), called "The Art of Dining." This had had an immediate popular success; and to entertain the author as a constant guest was thought a great honour by hostesses, since it implied the possession of a cook beyond criticism.

My father, like many other men who have on

occasion roughed it without a murmur, was in his own house exceedingly exacting where cooking was concerned, and all the arrangements this department had to fulfil his idea of perfection.

My mother, whose chief object in life was to please him and give him as little trouble as possible over household affairs, spared no pains as to the cuisine; and rarely, if ever, did her efforts fail in that direction. At the time Dr Livingstone was at Newstead there was always a French cook, and "Monsieur," as the servants called him, in his white cap and apron was a well-known figure in the household. To make the picture complete, he was generally attended by an elderly French poodle, which had taken up its quarters in the kitchen.

"Monsieur" cooked admirably; but there, I fear, his virtues ended, and the very morning of the day Mr Hayward and a large party of other guests were expected, "Monsieur" had been detected in such reprehensible conduct as to necessitate his immediate dismissal. My father, in such cases, for all his apparent indolence, always acted without any hesitation.

My mother, of course, approved; but at the same time her feelings as hostess can be imagined, for even if she telegraphed to London for a substitute, it was hardly probable that she could procure a cook of the culprit's calibre at such short notice.

But she only cheerfully told my father not to think of it, and that it would not matter, although she herself repaired to the kitchen with a very heavy heart.

There she found, as she expected, the whole

staff awaiting her, in the usual state of pleasurable excitement that the fall of a tyrant evokes in his underlings. Her heart sank yet more under her pretended calm, when, instead of the familiar white-garbed, sleek figure, Sarah, the head kitchen-maid, presented herself—a tall, well-made girl, clear-skinned, blue-eyed, and capable, but looking even younger than her twenty-two years. Disconsolately my mother eyed her, recalling as she did so, that although reported to be a clever girl, she was considered over young to be even head kitchenmaid. With a sigh she turned to the gigantic kitchen ledger on the table, where the day's bill of fare was duly entered along with the names of all visitors to the house, the quantities consumed, and other pertinent details. It was a work of art and calculation in its own way, and my mother was proud of its accuracy.

“We must try and see what we can do this evening, Sarah,” she said encouragingly, although her words belied her feelings. “Of course, a very simple dinner, and by to-morrow evening, I daresay I can get another cook down from London—but perhaps for this one night you can manage.”

She stopped short in surprise as she glanced at the menu in the book before her. It seemed to her as elaborate as ever.

A quiet twinkle was in Sarah's eyes.

“Oh, ma'am,” said a calm, young voice, “indeed you need not be in the least afraid about the dinner to-night. If only you knew how often I have cooked for you before, when Monsieur was away in Nottingham with his friends at the theatre!”

My mother gave a gasp. Sarah looked so astonishingly young, so rosy and almost child-like, yet the quiet voice went on beside her with great firmness, as if echoing her thoughts.

"Yes, ma'am, I know I look young; but really I do not think you need trouble about getting another man-cook down. At least wait until you have given me a trial."

And such was the effect of the girl's quiet self-confidence that my mother did not telegraph that day, as she had intended doing.

The afternoon brought Mr Hayward and the rest of the party, and once at dinner with his critical face beside her, my mother's tremours began again. The first few courses seemed to her much as usual, all perfect even down to the usual little printed menu cards, and her spirits rose accordingly. No one, except herself, knew of the change; even my father, secure as he always was of her domestic good management and resources, had apparently forgotten the difficulty, although a complex *entrée* had just been served. At this moment Mr Hayward's voice dashed all her hopes once more. He did not even question, it was a dogmatic assertion.

"You have changed your cook," he said abruptly.

"Yes," she answered feebly, half wondering whether it would not be better to confide in him the domestic upheaval and throw herself on his mercy.

"I knew you had from the first moment," said the author of "The Art of Dining" with some self-complacency; "I congratulate you. *He* is even better than your last."

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Sarah cooked brilliantly all that week, and before the end of the month was formally installed as permanent cook. She remained with my mother over eleven years, and only left on her marriage. She is still alive, and the owner and manager of one of the most popular private hotels in London. A fine example of what natural talents and hard work can accomplish when joined to modest self-confidence—all of them grand things in their way.

To conclude about Mr Hayward. When it was proposed to publish a selection of his correspondence, so many notes were found amongst his papers of letters to my mother that the editor wrote asking if she would allow some of these letters to be included in the forthcoming volumes. My mother was rather gratified by the request.

The next day she came to me with a large packet of Mr Hayward's letters, which she showed me with some pride. They were all most amusing and interesting, far more so than any of the letters that were subsequently published; but when I remarked how delighted the editor would be at such a "find," my mother shook her head and told me she had already sent a regretful letter of refusal.

I asked her why, and she said quite candidly: "Yes, I am myself sorry. I should have liked very much for people to have known in the future that such charming, clever letters were written to me by so well-known a critic as Mr Hayward; but if you read them again, you will see that there is not one letter but has something unkind in it about someone one knows

—frequently, too, about a woman; and I would never run the chance of such things being seen by others.”

I looked over the letters again; and what she said was true. It was as if an ugly little snake lay hidden in each one; but still I demurred, and said, as I thought at the time reasonably enough, that the passages in question could be easily omitted, and that in many cases the people mentioned were long ago dead, and the scandals touched upon had become too much public property to signify any longer; but she would not be moved.

“No,” she said, “one could never be sure. I would never like to feel there was a chance of such stories being revived through any act of mine. I was sorry at the time when Mr Hayward wrote such things, and they should die with him. Yes, the people themselves may be dead, but they have children or other relatives who might be hurt still by such gossip. We will never think of it again,” and she took away the letters, and, I think, probably burnt them all.

This was very like my dear mother, who impatient and impulsive as she was by nature, had truly a noble heart. In all the years I knew her, I never heard her say, or even allow to be said in her presence, anything really ill-natured against another woman. Men knew this, and in proportion respected her for it. My father once told me with a great deal of feeling that he had been much impressed on various occasions by her conduct, even as quite a young married woman; he spoke of the way in which she always

tried to extinguish scandal instead of spreading it, as too often through mere heedlessness is done. Her own goodness and unassailable position as a devoted wife, of course, gave her far more authority and influence where such matters were concerned than her years would otherwise have warranted.

CHAPTER XIX

RETURN TO AFRICA

ON the 25th of April, just ten days after his book, "The Zambesi and its Tributaries," was finished, Dr Livingstone and Agnes left Newstead for London. They had spent exactly seven months with us, and I truly believe the regret with which they left their "Newstead home," as my mother liked to hear them call it, was as heart-felt on the one side as the other, for the intimacy of the long winter spent together had only deepened their original feelings.

Dr Livingstone departed leaving a blessing behind him, for in his journal he writes :

"Parted with our good friends the Webbs. And may God reward them and their family."

Little did he guess at the time how often in after years his kindly prayer has been a help and encouragement in hours of depression to one of their number, or the gratitude felt to the friend who first drew attention to "the blessing of Livingstone."

The news of the assassination of President Lincoln electrified the whole country the very morning after Dr Livingstone's arrival in London. To him it seems to have been a greater shock even than to others, for he appears to have looked

on it in a somewhat peculiar light as a kind of vicarious expiation of the horrors of slavery by a good and innocent man. At least his remarks in his private journal, written after he had heard a sermon preached by Dr Hamilton on the subject, can only bear this interpretation. The thought of slavery and all its attendant horrors never was at any time far from Dr Livingstone's mind, and even when he seemed most absorbed in other affairs and preparations for his approaching departure once more for Africa, he found time to express his opinions on this subject with his customary directness.

For the next few weeks in London he lived in a perfect whirl of engagements, as not only was he expected to be present at many public functions, such as the Royal Academy dinner, and, to him personally, the more important one of his examination on African affairs before a Committee of the House of Commons; but with true fatherly feeling he devoted much of his time to Agnes, whenever he could find a few free hours. Thus on the 29th April we find in his journal:—

“Went down to Crystal Palace with Agnes to a Saturday Concert. The music very fine. Met Waller and lost a train. Came up in hot haste to the dinner of the Royal Academy.”

He writes also to this effect to Mr Oswell, but even whilst declaring he is “almost run off his feet, Agnes is doing it all,” and playfully demanding compassion, “pity the poor old man,” one can easily gather how proud and happy he is at giving his beloved child some of these innocent

pleasures of her age. It is, indeed, good and pleasant to remember that they had this brief holiday time together to help them through the years of future separation. After the recent hard work over his book, a complete change of ideas was, in fact, almost a necessary relaxation.

Of the Academy dinner he writes with far more interest and detail than is usual with him in describing public proceedings of the kind.

“Sir Charles Eastlake, President; Archbishops of Canterbury and York on each side of the chair. All the Ministers present except Lord Palmerston, who is ill of gout in his hand. Lord Russell, Lord Granville and Duke of Somerset sat on other side of table from Sir Henry Holland, Sir Roderick Murchison and myself. . . . I was not told I was expected to speak until I got in, and this prevented my eating. My speech not reported.”

This latter omission was much commented on the next day, and was greatly regretted by all who were present, for although, as we have seen, quite unprepared, the speech was thought most characteristic and all the more impressive in its unstudied directness. To many it was the distinguishing feature of the evening.

Dr Livingstone had too little vanity to be offended at the newspaper's neglect, although the kindness of those who, by their appreciation, tried to repair the slight was not thrown away on him. His thoughts were far more taken up with the African slavery question, as can be easily seen by a long letter written to my father, immediately after Dr Livingstone's own examination before the House of Commons' Committee. It is so

entirely expressive of the man, that I cannot but give part of it here.

"I told the Committee I had heard people say Christianity made the blacks worse, but did not agree with them. I might have said it was 'rot' and, truly, I can stand a good deal of bosh, but to tell me that Christianity makes people worse, Ugh! Tell that to the young trouts. . . .

"You know on what side I am, and I shall stand to my side, Old Pam fashion, through thick and thin. I don't agree with all my side say and do. I won't justify many things, but for the great cause of human progress I am heart and soul, *and so are you.*"

Dr Livingstone truly understood my father when he wrote these last words. For although they did not always hold the same views on all political matters, as was, perhaps, inevitable; yet amongst Dr Livingstone's many gifts, "God gave him largeness of heart as the sand on the sea shore"; and difference of view never made any difference in the affection of the two men for each other.

It was about this time that he received the happy news from Newstead of the birth of my brother, Algie. He was a most beautiful and healthy child from the first, and with the coming of the longed-for son, it really seemed as if my parents' felicity was complete, and that Dr Livingstone rejoiced with them in their great joy can easily be understood.

He was not, however, to leave England without another sorrow in his own family, for at the end of May, when he returned to Hamilton to take leave

of his three younger children, he found his mother so weak and her mind so wandering that she did not recognise him, but took him for one of his own sons. He knew that the end could not be far off; but as she rallied in a wonderful way for a time, and he had already promised to go to Oxford to deliver an address, he went there to fulfil his engagement. It was whilst there that a telegram reached him announcing that all was over. He started at once for Scotland, arriving in time for the funeral, and thus fulfilling his mother's great wish that one of her "laddies" should lay her head in the grave.

He was not one of those to spend time in idle mourning, however sad he might feel at heart, when work was to be done; and before he left Hamilton, he was persuaded by his old friend and neighbour there, Dr Loudon, to attend the examination at Oswell Livingstone's school, and even to deliver a short speech to the pupils. Oswell on this occasion received certain prizes; and this must have gratified his father greatly. He took little Anna Mary with him to see her brother's honours, and when he concluded his speech to the boys with the words he had "just two things to say to them all. Fear God, and work hard," one feels that it was his last injunction to them as a father, as well as an exhortation to all in his more general capacity.

He could leave no better motto behind him than these his last public utterances in his own country.

The end of July found him once more in London with Agnes, who appears in the interval

to have been left with friends there, as Dr Livingstone had already decided that she should spend the next year of her life in any case in Paris to study French and music.

To many of his old friends, this plan came as a surprise ; and one can hardly wonder at their criticising it, as in those days the modern habit of sending girls abroad to complete their education was unusual, and Paris, in particular, was regarded by many as a kind of modern Babylon.

It certainly sounded a strange arrangement for the daughter of Dr Livingstone ; and, as at the time I believe my own mother's influence was considered the moving power, I feel I should state here that it was entirely Dr Livingstone's own wish and decision, and that, strange as it seems, the explanation was not only far simpler, but even dated from his earliest missionary days in Africa.

It may be remembered that the nearest missionary station to Kuruman was Motito, which was founded by the French Reformed Church, and was most successful in its work. The French missionaries and their wives and Dr and Mrs Moffat were throughout their whole career on the most friendly and affectionate terms. The stations were only some thirty miles apart, and this in an uncivilised country made them comparatively near neighbours.

In course of time, Mrs Livingstone's younger sister, Ann Moffat (the heroine of the adventure with lions before recorded), married M. Frédoux, a French missionary at Motito and had several children. To most people it may be new that Dr Livingstone had at this time some half dozen

French nephews and nieces, and yet such was the case. He had kept up his friendship with his old French colleagues, whom, by the way, he seems to have preferred to those of his own country in South Africa at that time; so that when he cast about where he could best place Agnes, during his long absence, it was natural that these trusted old friends and connections should recur to his mind.

The Rev. M. Lemue had been for many years the head of the Motito Mission and his excellent wife the devoted friend of old Mrs Moffat, whilst out there. They had a niece, Madame Hocédé; and it was to her care that Dr Livingstone proposed to confide Agnes for the next year at least.

Madame Hocédé was a charming and cultivated French woman, who had for some years been governess to our own young English Princesses. She had been at Windsor during the time of the lamented Prince Consort's illness and death; and, unfortunately for herself, had quite innocently written home privately to her relations an account of the sad events, and these letters had not only been shown to others without her knowledge, but, in course of time, had found their way into print in France. The letters themselves, I have heard, were quite harmless; but, of course, in Madame Hocédé's position it was a grave mistake ever to have written them. The reticence of those times was far greater in all such matters than now, and she was dismissed from her post forthwith.

The story, although it never became really public, was known to many, and there was a good deal of sympathy felt for Madame Hocédé as she

was much liked personally, and seemed to have been hardly dealt with on all sides. Having, however, great energy as well as ability, and as it was imperative for her to make her living in some way, she made up her mind to start a small and superior school for Protestant English girls in Paris.

My mother had nothing whatever to do with the arrangement, and did not even know Madame Hocédé by name until it was all settled. The most she may have done was to approve of Agnes learning French thoroughly well; for satisfactory as her education was otherwise, she had hitherto little chance of speaking it fluently.

Dr Livingstone may also have been influenced in some degree by hearing all the ladies he met whilst at Newstead speaking that language, with more or less ease, and as a matter of course.

Agnes, herself, was too sad at parting with her father to care much what became of her at this period of her life. To have left her at Hamilton with her aunts had serious drawbacks; for, excellent as they were in many respects, they were hardly the most suitable guardians for her, nor was she likely to be so happy with them as in having the opportunity of improving her mind amid fresh scenes and surroundings. Dr Livingstone in the whole matter was certainly guided, and in the light of Agnes's unforeseen future truly he "builded better than he knew."

In two places in his journal he writes:—
"Everything good for me will be given, and I take it all as a little child does from its father."
And again some weeks later, "Whatever is good

for me and mine the Lord will give," and only to those who have the blessing of children can the Faith necessary to include the "mine" be appreciated.

It may be told here that the plan answered admirably. Agnes, in fact, was not exactly at school, as has been understood apparently by some of Dr Livingstone's biographers; but was what was then termed a "parlour boarder"; and as such had various privileges and much more liberty than the ordinary pupils. In fact, Dr Livingstone anticipated the modern fashion of sending girls to Dresden and Paris. In those days such an arrangement was so rare that even in this he showed his pioneer spirit.

Agnes always spoke with enthusiasm of the time she spent with Madame Hocédé, and profited so much by her instruction that she returned to England quite proficient in French. This acquirement was in after years of the greatest use to her as hostess, and in her intercourse with the many foreign travellers and men of science whom she came across.

My parents came to London to bid Dr Livingstone farewell, at the beginning of August; and on the 8th he went in the morning to the Zoological Gardens with my father and Dr Kirk. I can myself imagine the party so well, for such visits to the animals with other companions who had also known their world were of much interest to my father, and many are the times I have been taken by him on such occasions. Among all my father's friends, none was so good a cicerone as the

late Sir Samuel Baker, with his inexhaustible store of anecdotes concerning the wild life of the creatures. Mr Bartlett, the kind and clever curator, and all the keepers knew my father and Sir Samuel well, and gave us many privileges not accorded to the general public, so that to go there under their auspices was a very different experience from the usual visit merely to ride the elephant and feed the bears with buns.

It was the last “ploy” the three old friends shared together; for the very next day Dr Livingstone took leave of my parents, as it turned out, for ever. He records it thus in his journal:—

“*9th August.*—Parted with my friends, Mr and Mrs Webb, at King’s Cross Station to-day. He gracefully said he wished I had been coming rather than going away, and she shook me very cordially with both hands, and said, ‘You will come back again to us, won’t you?’ and shed a womanly tear. The good Lord bless and save them both, and have mercy on their whole household!”

After this there is only a record of farewells.

His dear friends, Mr and Mrs Oswell, came up to London to say good-bye to him, at the same time offering “to go over to Paris, at any time, to bring Agnes home, or to do anything that a father would.”

This offer was characteristic of Mr Oswell. The next year he fulfilled it, and escorted Agnes home. Kind and gracious words and deeds were second nature to him at all times. In a letter to my father written a month or two before,

Dr Livingstone had said in reference to Dr Arnold:—

“You know Oswell was one of his Rugby boys. One could see his training in always doing what was brave and true and right.”

And, again, in another letter to my father he writes of Oswell:—

“I love him with true affection, and I believe he does the same to me, and yet we never show it.”

The last glimpse we get of Dr Livingstone in Europe is from Marseilles, after his parting with Agnes, in a letter to Mr Oswell, who evidently still had qualms as to the wisdom of leaving Agnes in Paris, for Dr Livingstone writes to him thus explaining the situation:—

“I think Agnes is all right. The Rev. M. Calliatte, the father of her instructor . . . lives principally at a village near Dreux. She is with them there . . . during the vintage. Mme. Calliatte is sister to Mme. Lemue, whom you remember at Motito. Agnes goes to Paris in a month or so. Poor thing, she was very much cut up at parting with me . . . and felt rather alone in the world. I told her to write to you in any case in which she required counsel, as I am quite sure you would give her wise hints on her guidance. We sail hence to-morrow. God bless you all.—Ever affectionately yours,

“DAVID LIVINGSTONE.”

And in the anxious years that were to come to Agnes, never was confidence better bestowed than this of Dr Livingstone to his old friend; and “my adopted one,” as Mr Oswell called

Agnes from this time, was no mere figure of speech. In any time of trouble he was always at hand to help her. He wrote once:—

“If you are within a hundred miles of me, let me know, and I will come and shake you by the hand. I will always come even to the end of the earth, if I can be of any use to you, or you want me.”

Of all that early group of fine African pioneers, no one came nearer to the best popular type of hero than William Cotton Oswell, truest of friends, bravest of hunters, and most chivalrous of Christian gentlemen, a fact that should never be forgotten either now or in the far-off future.

CHAPTER XX

THE FRERES

“MAY the Almighty qualify you to be a blessing to those around you, wherever your lot may be cast. I know that you hate all that is mean and false. May God make you good, and to delight in doing good to others. If you ask He will give abundantly. The Lord bless you.”

Such were the last words written to Agnes Livingstone by her father from Marseilles—words that thus seen in the light of the distant future appear almost prophetic, combining as they do prayer, message, and blessing in one. And never was blessing more truly fulfilled in God’s good time, nor, we may say, more truly deserved.

From this time Dr Livingstone wrote to his eldest daughter continually, telling her all his inmost thoughts, in a manner that shows how complete was the perfect sympathy between them. Now describing any trifle that struck his sense of humour, or again giving her wise and homely advice as to her behaviour and conduct in the future, for instinctively, with the wisdom of great love, he seems to have foreseen some of a girl’s difficulties in her rather unusual position.

In one of his letters he writes:—

“When you return home you will be scrutinized

to see if you are spoilt. You have only to act kindly and naturally to all your old friends to disarm them of their prejudices."

But judicious and true as this gentle warning was, Agnes scarcely required it; for, like her father, she was too well-bred to fall into this vulgar fault of common natures.

In Shakespeare's words she was always "true to herself," modest and gentle, but independent, and thus she avoided, instinctively, any suspicion of superiority to her old friends, or apology to her new ones—ever the Scylla and Charybdis of those whom circumstances have placed in a somewhat different sphere to their original surroundings.

It is from Dr Livingstone's constant letters to Agnes that we hear of all his movements when in Bombay; and how, on his arrival, he stayed for some time at Government House with Sir Bartle Frere, to whom, like all who came in contact with him, he took a strong liking, besides greatly appreciating his talents and benevolence. This was only to be expected, for there were few men living whose winning manners expressed more sincerely the good heart that inspired them than Sir Bartle Frere.

He was not merely courteous, but charming to all he met, from the greatest personages down to a shy girl at her first ball. He never neglected an opportunity—however slight—of doing a kindness. I can say this from personal experience; for at my first big London ball he came up to speak to my mother. I had never seen him before, and was as much impressed by his fine appearance and

bearing, as by the orders that he wore ; for it was a big ball, and the Prince of Wales being present, in some ways a sort of official one.

In a moment's glance he seemed to realise the situation, and, seeing that I knew no one and was hardly likely to have much dancing, he not only asked me to dance the next quadrille with him, but contrived somehow to procure me other and younger partners, thereby earning, of course, my gratitude for life. He did this also in such an easy and natural manner as to make me feel it was really a pleasure to himself, and not merely out of compassion and kindness.

A more delightful family than the Freres it would be difficult to imagine, for their kindness and goodness matched their talents. It is not surprising, therefore, that Dr Livingstone expressed to Agnes at this time his warm admiration for Miss Frere, the eldest daughter, who, although even younger than herself, was, during the temporary absence of Lady Frere, doing the honours of Government House.

He was much impressed, as well he might be, by her charm and talents and her kindness and cleverness. In another letter of this time he notices the comfort he found during a brief visit to a house managed only by men, and on this point makes one of his rare references to Mrs Livingstone :—

“Your mama was an excellent manager of the house, and made everything comfortable,” adding a sentence that comprises the whole art of a hostess, “I suppose it is the habit of attending to little things that makes such a difference in different houses.”

He himself also attended to "little things," for it was soon after his arrival in Bombay that he despatched to my mother three small glove boxes of Indian workmanship, begging her to give them to my two younger sisters and myself as a remembrance of him, and at the same time asking her that his special playmate, little Ethel, should be allowed the first choice.

Now of these three boxes, one was of bright inlaid mosaic-work outlined in silver, whilst the other two were of sweetly scented sandal-wood, a perfume I have always loved from its vague suggestion of the East. As was natural in such a very little girl, my small sister at once selected the gayer mosaic box for herself, and to this hour I can remember the pleasure and relief when one of the longed-for sandal-wood boxes was placed in my hands. My own box had, appropriately enough, two elephants carved in relief on its lid, and I have it, of course, carefully preserved, among my treasures, although long usage and many travels have left it slightly the worse for wear.

That he should remember us children in the midst of the momentous work of preparation he had in hand at that time, seems to me now very touching. So much had he to settle that it was not until March of the next year, 1866, that Dr Livingstone finally started from Zanzibar. From henceforward his real journey may be said to begin, and for years he was only heard of by his family and friends through the rare letters that reached home, *via* that place.

His former young colleague Dr (now Sir John) Kirk, had just been appointed British Consul there

to Dr Livingstone's great content, Sir Bartle Frere having told him of the good news on the previous New Year's Day.

I myself can remember little or nothing more concerning him and Agnes for the next year or two, for Agnes was still with Madame Hocédé in France, and my parents had set off late that autumn for a prolonged tour in Egypt and the Holy Land, at that period a considerable undertaking, since there was no method of travelling in either country save by "dahabeah" or on horseback. They went up the Nile first as far as the second cataract, and saw everything that it was possible to see on the way, besides having the interesting experience of paying a visit to Lady Duff Gordon, with whom my mother was much struck.

The great desire of my mother's heart, however, had always been to visit the Holy Land, and to her, at least, it was a very real and true pilgrimage.

To the end of her life she was very proud of her pilgrim's ring, which only those who have themselves been at Jerusalem could procure or rightfully wear. She always wore it at night, and during illness, and I have heard her say she hoped to be buried with it on her finger.

Years before, when a young girl, she had met Samuel Wilberforce, the famous Bishop of Oxford, and he had been very kind to her. One day he had asked her, half in fun, what was the wish she would most like granted, and she had replied, rather to his surprise, "To visit the Holy Land," and he then told her that it was also one of his own great wishes. They had never seen each other since her girlhood, but on her return to England she

had remembered this conversation and sent him a little copy of the Gospel, bound in olive-wood which she had brought back from Jerusalem—the wood being supposed to have been taken from one of the trees on the Mount of Olives. With the book went a little note reminding him of their former talk, and telling him how, with time, her wish had come true, and she hoped his might likewise.

He replied in a charming letter of thanks, for I think he was both genuinely touched and pleased by her remembrance of him after so many years.

In little kindly acts like this my mother never failed; but as she rarely mentioned them, it has generally been by mere chance that they have come to my knowledge, often many years after her own death; and it accounts in part for the way many loved her, even those who knew her comparatively little. In her younger days, also, before ill-health and sorrow broke down her spirits, her brightness and liveliness were unsurpassed. I have been told that it was almost impossible to feel dull or depressed for long in her presence: for although her sympathy in real trouble was ever ready, she had, to a supreme degree, that still rarer although almost indefinable gift, called by the French “*entrain*,” which one associates with joy rather than sorrow. Of all qualities it is, perhaps, the most appreciated at the time, and the most elusive afterwards; for although none are insensible to its charm neither canvas nor pen can capture it. It is felt rather than seen or heard.

For this reason any attempts to picture my

mother were always a failure, and her photographs even greater libels. The only portrait at all like her, I have been told by those who knew her in early days, was the rather fanciful one engraved in the then fashionable "Book of Beauty." This, of course, showed her in quite early youth, and was after the special style affected by such collections.

Upon this subject Agnes Livingstone once told me that in one of her father's letters to her never published, written when he was living for so long in the Manyuema Country at the village of the cruel black chief, Cazembe, he spoke of the superiority in beauty and in goodness of native women to their mankind. One of the chief's wives in especial had been most kind and considerate towards the lonely travel-worn white man, and had even sent him little presents of food which had touched him.

"She is, although, of course, nearly black," his letter ran, "a very pretty woman; indeed, although you may smile, the best idea I can give you of her appearance is that she is more like dear Mrs Webb than any one I have ever seen; for, barring her colour and her woolly hair, she has very good features and the same bright smile and joyous laugh."

I quote, of course, from memory and after many years; but I think these were almost the actual words he used. Agnes also gave this description to my mother, who was not only amused at the idea of her black double, but pleased to hear she had proved such a friend in need to her "dear Dr Livingstone."



MISS. GOODLAKE, AFTERWARDS MRS. WEBB.

From a Sketch in the possession of Madame la Marquise de Lasteyrie.

There is not much to relate of the long years of waiting which followed, for although on her return from France Agnes spent much of her time at Newstead, I saw most of her when we were practically alone, as then she often shared our schoolroom walks with our governess.

She came and went, I think, much as she liked, and divided the greater portion of her time between us and Dr Livingstone's old friend Mr Young of Kelly, who was equally fond of her, both for her own and her father's sake. My parents would, indeed, have been well pleased if she had lived with us altogether, but this she never would hear of. She always held that her real home was at Hamilton with her old aunts and little sister. I think she always arranged that she should be there for Anna Mary's and her brothers' holidays, so that none of Dr Livingstone's children should feel the want of a centre in common.

The Youngs were very good to her, and amply fulfilled Dr Livingstone's prediction that she would find them true friends during his absence. She spent her summers, so far as I can recollect, chiefly with them, as in one way, I think, she found it pleasanter than Newstead at that season, for they had a most beautiful yacht, and with them she was taken to see many new places.

Like her father she always loved travelling, and in this way she grew to know practically all the British coast-line and its islands. One year, at least, they went further afield on a more adventurous expedition to Iceland. On this occasion they saw the Great Geyser, and I think ascended Mount

Hecla, besides exploring the island on all sides. They rode on Iceland ponies, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves, in spite of suffering almost as much from mosquitoes as if they had been in Africa. Agnes delighted in this expedition, and my interest in all she had to tell me of it, although second hand, was very great for she described it most vividly. It is strange how such bents are inherited, for if Agnes had been a boy it is almost certain she would have followed in her father's footsteps, and it was with full knowledge of her character that he wrote to her from Africa after Sir Samuel Baker had discovered the Albert Nyanza :—

“You remark that you think you could have travelled as well as Mrs (Lady) Baker, and I think so too. Your Mama was famous for roughing it in the bush and was never a trouble.”

I sometimes think that if ever there were any one Agnes could have envied, it was Lady Baker, not for the praise and honours the latter received in England, but for all the actual hard work she had gone through in Africa, and the help she had been to her husband whilst there.

Even as it was, Agnes's brave words never failed to cheer her father in his solitude; and he felt her spirit echoed his own, as when he writes much later :—

“I am delighted to hear you say that much as you wish me home, you would rather hear of my finishing my work to my own satisfaction than come merely to gratify you. That is a noble sentence.”

He recurs to this again in his journal and even more expansively, for he adds :—

“Rightly and nobly said my darling Nannie. Vanity whispers pretty loudly ‘She is a chip of the old block.’ My blessing on her and on all the rest.”

Yet one thing stands out distinctly. Never at any time, either by letter or speech, have I ever heard of his expressing a wish, or influencing any of his children to adopt a missionary career. This arose not from indifference to his high calling or lack of zeal in his Master’s service, but rather that he placed his aim so high in such matters that, without a distinct vocation, he desired none to undertake such work. Also in the case of a woman, he knew too well the special difficulties that beset them in distant uncivilised lands at that time, and that it was not even right to expose them to the sufferings and hardships it entailed. He did not expect the missionaries’ wives to be idle or to live in luxury ; but as he says in a letter to Mr Young :—

“The missionaries are not to think of themselves deserving a good English wife till they have erected a comfortable abode for her.”

His own ideas as to the future of his children may best be seen in a letter to his son Thomas.

“Whatever you feel yourself best fitted for, ‘Commit your way to the Lord, trust also in Him, and He will bring it to pass.’ One ought to endeavour to devote the peculiarities of his nature to his Redeemer’s service, whatever these may be.”

And in another letter to the same son he says again :

“ None of you must become mean, cravenhearted, untruthful, or dishonest ; for if you do, you don’t inherit it from me. I hope you have selected a profession that suits your taste. It will make you hold up your head amongst men and is your most serious duty.”

Independent and hardworking himself, he expected the same qualities from others, and he rightly held that no blessing could be looked for otherwise ; but his absence of any compulsion in a special direction is marked, and was even more unusual in a parent in those times than it is now.

The nearest approach to advice of the kind is, perhaps, a faint hint in a letter to Agnes, in which he tells her he has had a letter from a lady near Bath respecting some plans for the benefit of poor orphans.

“ If you thought of going to Bath it might be well to get all the insight you could into that and every other good work. It is well to be able to take a comprehensive view of all benevolent enterprises, and resolve to do our duty in life in some way or other, for we cannot live for ourselves alone. A life of selfishness is one of misery, and it is unlike that of our blessed Saviour who pleased not Himself.”

“ A comprehensive view of all benevolent enterprises ” he had certainly managed to achieve for his own part.

But even in his special work, one of his children was to follow him closely, and although

the method and working out has been different the spirit is curiously the same; and to any close observer of Dr Livingstone's character must evoke reflections on the problem of inherited moral gifts and qualities equally with physical likeness. His daughter, Anna Mary, that almost unknown child, has followed in his steps. But for a few charmingly fatherly letters to her as a child and a brief three week's sight of her during his last visits to Hamilton she had herself seen nothing of her father. Nevertheless, as she has been in some ways the nearest to him in his life's work, it seems only right to enter into her history rather fully, as the fact that one of Dr Livingstone's children has devoted so much of her time to valuable missionary work is apparently generally unknown.

Anna Mary was educated at a Quaker School near Kendal, thereby showing once more how little importance her father attached to any mere outward distinctions where he was certain of true Christianity.

Whilst at Kendal she met and renewed an early childish friendship with Mr Frank Wilson, the nephew of Dr Livingstone's old friend and correspondent, Mr Braithwaite. An attachment grew up on both sides, which resulted in their happy marriage in 1881.

Mr Frank Wilson was engaged in business at Kendal when he married, but his heart like his wife's had ever been in mission work, and even then they both contrived to do a great deal of good to those around them, and of at that time a very novel kind, for they spent their summer

holidays each year on the little mission ships then recently started to minister to the spiritual and material needs of the deep sea fishermen when afloat.

The lives of the workers on these mission ships are not without trials and even perils, and more especially is it a rough life for any woman; but, in spite of all hardships, Mrs Livingstone Wilson accompanied her husband on all his voyages, and her womanly kindness and services made her presence a very material aid to the work.

Mr and Mrs Wilson had two children, a boy and a girl, but until both were of a fitting age to be left without their own care, their parents wisely and rightly devoted themselves to their bringing up. In this they followed certainly, even if unconsciously, Dr Livingstone's own views, for on no point did he insist more strongly than this in his more intimate letters to such of his friends as had children of their own. That he had acted otherwise himself, made him only the more insistent, perhaps, on this point in others.

He writes very touchingly to Mr Oswell on this very subject.

"In looking back to Kolobeng I have one regret, and that is I did not feel it my duty to play with my children as much as to teach the Bakwains. I worked very hard at that, and was tired out at night. Now I have none to play with. So my good friend play while you may. They will soon be no longer bairns."

Dr Livingstone's conflicting duties to his children and to his African work made him

undoubtedly at times very unhappy. It was the one point upon which he could not always be at ease, and even though, at last, he settled that his work in Africa was in his case his own vocation, he was always most anxious that others should not in this be guided by his example. It was a case of the axiom that "The exception proves the rule." That he would, therefore, have cordially approved of his son-in-law's and daughter's conduct in this matter we may be sure.

The whole of this time, however, Mr and Mrs Wilson had privately resolved that when the proper moment arrived they would devote their whole energies to foreign mission work, and in the meanwhile contented themselves with giving all their spare time to the stout-hearted fishermen.

At the end of 1895 after the death of Dr Livingstone's two old sisters who had found a home with their niece,¹ Mr Wilson did even more, for he gave up all his business, broke up the home in Kendal, and moved to London, there to undertake the post of Deputation Secretary to the Deep Sea Fishermen Society. The duties of this post kept the Wilsons' time fully occupied all the winter, whilst in the summer they continued their practical work afloat amongst the fishermen as usual. In 1902 Mr and Mrs Wilson's two children being then of an age no longer to require their immediate care, the long-wished-for opportunity came. Mr and Mrs Frank Wilson, therefore,

¹ Dr Livingstone's two old sisters, Agnes and Janet Livingstone, after they had parted with their little home at Hamilton, lived at Kendal until they died, both in this same year 1895.

now exchanged their work amongst the Deep Sea Fishermen for that of assisting the Church Missionary Society in Sierra Leone.

Mrs Livingstone Wilson, herself a member of the Church of England, had already been at Free-town on a short visit with the then Bishop of Sierra Leone, so that she had some acquaintance with the place and the need of workers there.

After working a term, however, under the Church Missionary Society's direction, both she and her husband came to the conclusion that they could accomplish far more practical good by working independently, and amongst the soldiers and the many white men employed in business there. They had very good and sound reasons for this decision, partly the very practical one that being no longer young, they could not acquire the native language readily, and the African branch of the Church Missionary Society was essentially devoted to work amongst the "heathen."

But this was not their only reason, for the need of the many solitary young Englishmen in a strange land to be "fathered and mothered," as Mrs Livingstone Wilson herself termed it, was very urgent.

It is a want that no one who has seen the conditions of life in such places can fail to understand, although it is difficult to explain adequately to those at home, to whom any missionary work amongst the natives appeals far more.

To raise the standard of morals and self-respect amongst the white residents will, in the end, undoubtedly go further to benefit the natives than any ordinary "conversion" of the black people, for

it will go far to prevent many of the worst evils in the future—evils that are always to be found ready to spring up where two unequal races have to live side by side.

For full four years Mr and Mrs Wilson laboured on in this way at Freetown. Mr Wilson was not ordained, but he was appointed a lay reader to the West Indian Regiment quartered there, and took the parade services in this capacity. At first the Wilsons gave up the ground floor of their own house to serve as a sort of general meeting place and soldier's institute, where all were made welcome. In time they came to be regarded as a kind of link between the missionary and the secular life of the whole town, and one may feel sure to the mutual advantage of both.

Later, thanks to the goodwill and liberality of the officers and English residents, who saw how much real good was being affected by Mr Wilson's means, a regular hall on similar lines was built and duly opened, being called, by the unanimous wish of its supporters, the Wilson Hall.

Before this event, however, four years of the exhausting climate began to tell heavily on Mrs Livingstone Wilson's health, and she was compelled to return to England to recruit. After taking his wife home, Mr Wilson returned to Sierra Leone for further service, and after two more terms purposed to retire. But when the time approached he asked her consent to delay his return two or three months, in order to take the place of a fellow worker who, he thought, required the change more. In the true Livingstone spirit, she

agreed at once to his self-sacrifice, but humanly speaking but for this most unselfish act he would now be still alive. For within these extra months an outbreak of yellow fever swept over the town, and Mr Frank Wilson was one of the first victims, dying on 31st May 1910. It was terrible for his wife not to be by his side at the last, but that he died doing his duty was her greatest comfort.

CHAPTER XXI

SUSPENSE

IN this manner the years passed. Rather grey years they must have been to Agnes, punctuated only by the irregular arrival of long letters from her father. He never failed to write to my parents at the same time, and on these occasions we used to hear parts of his letters read aloud; and if Agnes chanced to be with us there would be a good deal of conversation about what Dr Livingstone was likely to do next, and his last halting-place would be shown to us on the map, although, of course, only approximately, as he was then in quite unexplored regions.

Then came a time when the long letters ceased altogether, and in spite of little being said we felt rather than knew that it was better not to mention Dr Livingstone's travels for the time. Agnes was with us for a very long period in that particular autumn, and I know now better than I did then how great must have been the suspense; although beyond the fact that she was unusually quiet and that her beautiful early bloom seemed to have passed from her, we children saw little change in her. The anxiety about her father's fate was too heavy to be discussed in a casual way at luncheon, and very wisely the schoolroom party heard little

of what their elders were going through on Dr Livingstone's account at this time.

The first knowledge of it came to us one morning, when, as usual, we were taking our ordinary walk with our governess and Agnes. We were that day in the Park, some distance from the house, and were coming through the little valley which lies between the two bracken-covered hills below Hag Nook farm, when, to our surprise, we heard a cry, and, looking up, saw in the distance, outlined against the sky - line above the nearest hill, my father and mother. They were calling to us to come to them at once, and beckoning us to hurry, appeared to be much excited. Rather alarmed we began to climb the steep little ascent as fast as we could; for my mother had always so much business to attend to in the morning that it was an almost unprecedented event for her to leave the house before luncheon.

As we got nearer we were even more bewildered, for we saw they were both not only greatly excited but also much pleased; and as we reached their side, breathless with haste, my mother greeted Agnes with the joyful news that they had just heard of Dr Livingstone's safety and that he was at Ujiji.

From their excitement and evident relief one could easily gather how great had been their former dread and anxiety. My mother, always impulsive, showed her feelings as unreservedly as any child. She talked, laughed, and even occasionally cried all the way home; and, I fancy, was rather disappointed at the very quiet manner in which Agnes received the intelligence; for she said hardly a word, and directly we reached the house went off

at once silently to her own room. Only when she reappeared at luncheon-time her pale face and softened eyes showed what depths of thankfulness had been stirred in her inmost soul. It was evident that her outward impassiveness arose from the very force of her feelings which were too great for mere words.

This incident must have taken place in October 1867. It will be remembered that a circumstantial report of the murder of Dr Livingstone, between Marenga and Maklisooru near Lake Nyanza, had been brought back to Zanzibar by his rascally former servant Musa and the cowardly Johanna men, to cover their own faithlessness to him.

Their account had been fully believed even by Dr Kirk and other residents at Zanzibar, as also by Sir Samuel Baker, and had, in consequence, been generally accepted in England. Sir Roderick Murchison, Mr Horace Waller, Mr Oswell, and my father stood almost alone at this time in refusing credence to the rumour, although the intense relief shown by my parents gives the measure of their previous anxiety.¹

¹ A friend has sent me the following note: "It has been sometimes said or implied, that in his steadfast resistance to the general belief in Dr Livingstone's death, Sir Roderick was actuated rather by warmth of friendship than by grasp of the facts of the case. That was not the opinion of a very competent critic, the late F. M. Lord Napier of Magdala. For in a letter of my father's, written from London in June or July 1868, he mentions that Lord Napier and Sir Roderick had then just met, and that the former had expressly congratulated Sir Roderick, not merely in the matter of having proved right as to Dr Livingstone's safety, but still more on the careful reasoning by which he had been able to satisfy himself of the probable falsity of the generally accepted reports. 'Your confidence,' said that great soldier, 'did not rest on mere guesswork, but was the result of very careful and close reasoning from the available data.' When I reminded Lord Napier of this saying in after years, he made a remark to the effect that it was a saying which he was glad should be remembered.—A. F. YULE."

When later, letters from Dr Livingstone himself arrived corroborating the good news, there was, of course, great rejoicing, but, alas, the silence and with it an ever-increasing anxiety once more descended like a pall, and for poor Agnes in particular the succeeding years of waiting must have been increasingly hard to bear. These years left their mark on her; for although always attractive, uncomplaining, and even cheerful, the wonderful brightness and glow which were such a distinguishing part of her early girlhood passed away little by little, and she did not in future years regain them.

She appeared in some measure, also, as one set apart from ordinary girlhood, with its little pleasures, griefs, and gaieties; and in good truth so she was, for much responsibility, as regards her brothers and little sister, even then rested upon her slight shoulders, and her whole thoughts and interests were wrapt up in her father and his journey and aims.

A search expedition had been sent out in June 1867 by the Royal Geographical Society, under the command of Mr Young. It was, so far as it went, successful, in as much as in a few months it brought back the authoritative tidings that Dr Livingstone had been seen without doubt alive and well a few months previously, and there the matter ended. There was no attempt to join him, for at that time no one seemed to have ever contemplated the possibility of Dr Livingstone being in any need of assistance, still less the real destitution which he subsequently went through.

Nor, in fact, would there have been any material necessity, if the ample supply of necessary stores

had been duly despatched to Ujiji, and had not been most dishonestly appropriated during transit, so that, instead of a fresh store awaiting him at Ujiji, he found himself well-nigh destitute. He was actually three years without receiving any letters from home, in this way was even worse off than Agnes, as although many of his communications had been lost a very few had still reached Zanzibar after lengthy and circuitous journeys.

The expedition of Mr Young was not, however, the only one, for in 1871-72 the continued absence of recent news occasioned such uneasiness, increased by the report of the war then proceeding between the Arabs and the natives of Ujiji, that the Geographical Society, urged on by Sir Roderick Murchison—who, however, died before the expedition left—again despatched another small search party under the command of Lieutenants Dawson and Henn. They were accompanied by Oswell Livingstone, then a delicate lad barely twenty years old, who was most anxious to do all in his power to see his father once more.

This expedition, as all know now, came abruptly to an end after proceeding a very short distance, for encountering Stanley on his return journey after his successful meeting with Dr Livingstone at Ujiji, the leader at once threw up his command, and the whole undertaking came to a conclusion. Oswell Livingstone, indeed, at first desired greatly to proceed alone to see his father, but was dissuaded from the attempt, and probably with good reason, so far as mere prosaic common sense was concerned. For even at home he was never robust, and with his youth and inexperience it would have been

hardly possible for him to have succeeded alone in a journey which had tried even Stanley's powers.

Nevertheless, I think that he himself always regretted his compliance with the strong advice, so strong as almost to be called the orders of his elders, and felt in after years that he had lost a glorious opportunity of distinguishing himself. Some stay-at-home folk actually blamed him for his remissness, which was, to those who knew the real difficulties of his position, most unfair.

CHAPTER XXII

STANLEY

WE were all settled for the summer as usual at Arrochar on Loch Long, when the news of Stanley's meeting with Dr Livingstone first reached England. It was followed by the arrival of Dr Livingstone's own letters to my parents describing the whole occurrence. These letters expressed the joy and relief he felt, and his own glowing gratitude towards Stanley, in no measured terms. Dr Livingstone asked them, as a personal favour, to pass on to Stanley all the affection and friendship they had shown him, and to look upon all they could do for his new friend as if it were done to himself. In all these long letters he dwelt much on the past; and made so many minute enquiries after every member of the Newstead household and family as to show how famished he had been for news of home. Even down to the pets and my father's big black dog, Nelson, no one was forgotten by name.

The relief and joy those letters brought, it is almost impossible to realise. It seemed, after the prolonged strain, almost as if their beloved old friend had been given back to them even from the grave; whilst to poor Agnes it was like the infusion of fresh life. On the other hand,

to hear of the sufferings he had been called upon to endure—many of them unnecessarily—was sad reading.

Then came the British Association, which that year met at Brighton, too far off for my parents to get to it easily from Arrochar, which in those days was not even accessible by railway. They also had the house filled with shooting guests, and although they knew Stanley was to be present they had no reason to anticipate anything disagreeable in his reception.

It is true that they had, some time before, to their amazement, received some enquiries as to whether they thought the letters they had received from Dr Livingstone were genuine; which in view of the details I have given, seemed to them too absurd for serious consideration, and they had answered all such doubts as to their authenticity to that effect, even with slight indignation. That my father's presence might possibly be required as a support to Stanley had never even crossed their minds. Mr Oswald, being close at hand in Kent, and in consequence more in touch with what was being said, foresaw what might happen; and therefore, at some inconvenience to himself, made a special point of attending the Brighton meetings; but this they did not realise until after the event. Then came the storm and the extremely regrettable and discourteous reception of Stanley.

My parents were thunderstruck when the newspapers reached them, two days afterwards. I can vividly recall my mother's indignation even now. If there were one thing she hated it was want of fair play and any breach of hospitality. She stood,

paper in hand, alternately reading out passages and exclaiming in her indignation. Her blue eyes flashed with anger, and at last she actually shed tears of compassion for "that poor Stanley," whom neither she nor my father had then met, while she regretted their absence from the congress. She declared, I think with reason, that if my father and she had been present, the situation could never have arisen, for it would have been impossible to resist the combined authority of such old friends as Mr Oswell and themselves.

It took her several days before she could talk calmly of these matters and recover her equanimity ; yet in the end I sometimes think it was all the better for Stanley, since it made her the more anxious for my father and herself to do what they could to make up for his ill-treatment. He was at this time unknown to her, save as Dr Livingstone's friend ; but from henceforward her interest in him was far warmer. To have been the victim of calumny was always a sure means of enlisting my mother's sympathy.

In this case, it took the form of at once sending another and more pressing invitation to Stanley, begging him to come and stay at Newstead, as they longed to make his acquaintance, and thank him in person for all he had done for their dear friend Dr Livingstone.¹

In the usual course of events, my parents would

¹ I cannot now find the exact date of this first visit, but my impression is, that he accepted at once, and that it took place immediately after our usual return from Scotland to Newstead in October of the same year (1872) and before Stanley started on his tour of lectures in the U.S.A. It may, however, possibly have been in the following spring, just after his return.

probably have had a party of friends to meet Stanley, inviting, of course, only those who would have been likely to be specially interested in him as Dr Livingstone's friend ; but under the circumstances, with intuitive sympathy, she felt this was hardly advisable. So she did what was better, and arranged that when he came she and my father should be alone, and that he should be treated not as Stanley, the traveller and celebrity, nor even as an ordinary acquaintance, but like an old friend. She had Dr Livingstone's letters telling her what manner of man he had found the stranger, and to the letter as well as in spirit she set herself to carry out her old friend's request, and treated Stanley as if he were Livingstone himself.

One of my mother's favourite axioms was, "If you do a thing be sure you do it gracefully." This time in no detail did she spare pains to make Stanley's first visit pleasant and happy.

He was lodged in Dr Livingstone's old rooms, and the first day or two of his stay were spent in hearing all that he had to tell of Dr Livingstone, and in showing him Newstead, of which he had already heard much. There seemed, indeed, little that he did not know, so well had Dr Livingstone in far away Africa portrayed the contents and inhabitants of Newstead to him, and so retentive had been his memory.

From the very first, and in spite of all his drawbacks of manner and appearance, my mother liked Stanley and recognised instinctively his best qualities. For to be truthful, I must say, he was at that time very rough in all his ways, and as unlike the Stanley of his later years as a prickly

chestnut burr is to the smooth brown chestnut within.

He was, to begin with, as at this time was only to be expected, before everything the typical American journalist, almost aggressively so both in accent and behaviour. Moreover, sensitive, and hot-tempered as he was by nature, he was naturally enough smarting and bruised throughout his whole moral being, from the way he had been treated in England, and that by those from whom he had least expected it. My mother exaggerated nothing when she described him afterwards as being on his first arrival at Newstead, "A perfect Ishmaelite with his hand against every man, and feeling every man's hand was raised against him—at any rate in England."

Even with her and my father, he seemed for the first few hours, hardly to believe in their friendliness; but when as time went on, and he found they did not even cross-question him, and that all they wished was really to pass on to him their affection for Dr Livingstone, taking his sympathy for granted, he changed completely, and in a short time, especially when alone with my mother, poured out all the confidences of his heart.

In a few days' time he had even confided to her all his sad early story—that wonderful story which now all can read for themselves in his Autobiography, but which in those days, be it remembered, was unknown to any one.

I myself saw little of him, except at luncheon, for at that time I was still only in the schoolroom.

He was very abstemious in his habits and rather silent, but we all noticed the change which each day seemed to make in his appearance, and how he grew gentler and happier, whilst the hard lines on his face became less visible. He had at this time the most extraordinary and wonderful eyes I have ever seen. They were like small pools of grey fire, but the least provocation turned them into grey lightning. I have never seen eyes like those of Stanley when he was angry. They seemed to scorch and shrivel up all he looked at. But his whole personality at this time gave one the impression of overwhelming and concentrated force, a human explosive power that only required a mere chance to turn towards good or evil. Many who met him then felt this, I think, unconsciously, and dreaded and even disliked him greatly without being able to explain why.

But my mother was by her temperament singularly fearless, and, in consequence, was not the least in awe of him. Stanley himself knew this well and appreciated her frank friendship the more in consequence. Years afterwards he wrote in his journal in reference to a pleasant visit in Wales¹:—

“I have been more talkative in this house than I have been in any house that I can remember,

¹ At Dolancothy, Llamwrda, South Wales, with Sir James and Lady Hills-Johnes. Lieutenant-General Sir James Hills-Johnes, V.C., G.C.B., who was dangerously wounded in the Indian Mutiny, where he won the Victoria Cross for his extraordinary valour. He was afterwards Governor of Cabul.

It may interest some people to know that in her youth, Lady Hills-Johnes—a most cultivated and charming woman—was the fortunate recipient of Bishop Thirlwall's delightful letters, afterwards published, but without giving her name.

except Newstead Abbey, where one was stimulated by that exceptional, most loveable being, Mrs Webb."

And she was at that time of his life, perhaps, the best friend he could have had. Busy woman as she always was, she gave up all her time to him during his visit, and saw that he never had a dull or lonely moment. She took him for long drives alone in her pony phaeton every afternoon, walked with him, talked with him, and above all encouraged him to talk to her; thus she got to understand his character as no one at this time had cared to do, and to see that with all his success he had a great loneliness of heart. He told her of his boyish hardships, of his many disappointments, of his journalistic triumphs after Magdala—in fact his whole life-story, now a well-worn tale, but then quite unknown, and, although she was far too loyal to his confidence ever to retail his conversation, it, of course, made a great difference to her estimate of him.

Little by little, and thanks chiefly to her sympathy, he lost his bitter feelings to the world in general, and to the English in particular. It is significant that ever after this visit my mother always spoke of him still in private as "poor Stanley," a term that to those who only knew him superficially, or by report, seemed absurdly inappropriate. To her it was but the literal fact; and, I think, given the knowledge that we have now, is much nearer the truth than any one could have supposed. I recollect once, soon after this time, some casual visitor spoke of Stanley

as "doubtless a rough diamond," and went on, half jestingly, to say that possibly he showed more roughness than diamond to the world at large. My mother turned on the speaker in her own quick way and flashed out:

"You none of you understand Stanley at all. None of you really know him; but I do, and if you only knew his story and all he had had to struggle against, you would feel towards him like myself. He has under all his roughness one of the most affectionate natures I have ever met with, and quite the most grateful; and I am certain of one thing, if some day he could meet and marry a really nice and good woman, she could make anything of him. You would all be amazed at his transformation. Yes, you may all smile now at what I say" (this, I fear, was true, for to think of Stanley, as he was at that time, as a domestic character seemed very incongruous), "but I am sure of this. Only—she would have to care for him *enough*."

So seriously and with such conviction did my mother speak, that all were impressed, and no one said another word. It showed her intuition, for never was a truer prophecy. That she herself should not have lived to see Stanley's happy marriage to gifted and charming Miss Dorothy Tennant, always seemed pathetic; for few things would have rejoiced my mother more than to have seen her prediction thus amply fulfilled. I think she always looked on Stanley and his happiness as being in some sense the legacy left to her charge by Dr Livingstone.

Neither she nor my father ever entered into or

took part in any of the controversies that Stanley aroused, probably for this very reason. They always held themselves carefully aloof from such disputes where he was concerned. To them he was first and foremost "Dr Livingstone's best friend."

One afternoon of that first visit stands out in my memory very clearly. It was towards the end of his stay, and my parents took us all, including Stanley, on what was always familiarly called by us "a patriarchal walk" round the park, to call at one of the farms. I have often wished for one of these walks since they have gone for ever, but at the time they were not very popular with us, since they were always lengthy, and much time was wasted, in our eyes, by dawdling about and standing over drains, fences, and other "improvements." On this particular day I, for some reason was excused being one of the long string of children and dogs which formed the tail of the party; but I was made to regret my defection when they returned at tea-time.

My brothers and sisters were radiant at the delightful afternoon they had spent, thanks to "Mr Stanley" and his unforeseen genius as a playmate. He had seen that the long standing about was very irksome to the younger ones; he may even be excused if he himself found it so. And to him was due the entrancing proposal of a new game — an Exploring Expedition in Africa, to be led by himself.

With a word of explanation to my mother, he had started forthwith, followed by all the five

children ranging in age from fourteen to my youngest little brother of six. He had plunged straight into the nearest brake of furze, and gone without hesitation through plantations, thickets, and woods, until after many adventures he had brought them out close at home. He had described everything as they went along, and had "made believe they were in Africa," so they said, most beautifully, so that they felt they had in very truth passed through perils and dangers of all kinds. If they saw a fallen tree it was a terrible crocodile, a big stump a hippopotamus or an elephant, sheep and cows, antelopes or buffaloes; whilst even imaginary lions had not been wanting, and, of course, any stray folk they saw in the distance had been avoided as hostile tribes. Their bright eyes and cheeks showed how the whole band had enjoyed themselves, and Stanley himself not the least of the party. I never saw him look so boyish and happy as on this occasion. He was always at his best with children, and most careful of them in all ways, gentle both in speech and manner. He had so much the heart of a boy hidden underneath his manifold experiences, that he played, not with them, but as one of themselves.

The following year his visit was repeated, and this time he was accompanied by the little African boy, Kalulu, whom he had rescued from slavery at the time of his Livingstone Search Expedition. Stanley had sent him in the interval to school in England; and I rather think it was during his Easter holidays that he brought him to Newstead. Kalulu was in all respects a very nice little lad,

good-looking, and apparently of a higher type than the ordinary native. Being still hardly more than a child, he used to be allowed to play with us out of doors, as otherwise it would have been lonely for him.

Stanley took great care of him, and was proud of his excellent manners and general intelligence. He also, but as we thought with less grounds, considered him a splendid runner, and when he introduced him to the schoolroom, said that his name, "Kalulu, the Antelope," described him exactly; but we found him in this at fault, for my sister Geraldine, who was nearest to Kalulu in age, easily surpassed him in all our races. It is only fair, however, to say that from her earliest childhood she had been a veritable Atalanta. Probably also Kalulu's European garments made some difference in his powers. Stanley himself was quite disappointed at Kalulu's failure to impress us more as to his fleetness of foot.

In other ways he surprised us, however, for not only could he tell us the most amusing African fairy tales about animals, but when we were alone he would take red hot cinders out of the schoolroom fire and play with them in a most marvellous fashion, taking one or two in his hands and tossing them to and fro with apparently as much impunity as if they were merely hot chestnuts. I have even seen him play at knucklebones with them, but this last, I suspect, was bravado, for when asked he did not seem anxious to repeat the performance. Of course on his black skin traces of slight burns would not be perceptible, but I do not think he used any secret preventative beforehand. We

told our father of it afterwards, and he said he had often, when in Africa, noticed the Kaffirs' and Hottentots' apparent immunity to burns, and that when sleeping at night with their feet close to the camp fire they would allow their soles to become quite scorched and cracked before they removed them from what would have been intolerable pain to any European.

One morning we were out of doors playing with Kalulu as usual, when the servants' dinner-bell rang. We were at some distance from the house, and did not want our game to be interrupted, so we persuaded Kalulu, without much difficulty, not to attend to it and to remain with us.

When half an hour later, we went in to the house for our luncheon, he began, poor boy, to be much perturbed as to his own chance of dinner, and, very thoughtlessly, we told him it did not matter, and that as it was our fault we were sure that for once he could have luncheon with us.

He, therefore, followed us into the dining-room and sat down between two of the younger ones, and began to eat as only a hungry boy can.

Stanley was sitting by my mother at the other side of the table, but immediately perceived him. There was a frown and sudden flash of his eyes, followed by a few stern words in an unknown tongue, and in a moment Kalulu, looking very abashed and dejected, rose and, plate in hand, moved to one of the side tables, where he was allowed to finish his repast.

"He has presumed and he knows it. He had no right to sit at our table without first asking my permission," was all Stanley said in reply to a

word of my mother, and although we felt it was rather severe on Kalulu at the time, my father afterwards said that Stanley was absolutely right in maintaining the correct African etiquette with the little fellow even in England. But although strict, he was also a very kind master; and no sooner was luncheon over than he walked to the now depressed Kalulu, still sitting in disconsolate isolation at his side table, and with an interchange of a few words in dialect, put matters straight between them, and the boy was once more his own merry self.

He was quite devoted to Stanley and never tired of singing his praises. He thought there was no one like him; and no one who saw them together could doubt that in spite of his good discipline, he had ever been a kind master. The boy was so well cared for in all ways, so neatly and warmly dressed and in every way attended to.

Poor Kalulu! he was drowned only four years afterwards on the Congo, being carried with some others in a canoe over the dangerous falls that are still known by his name.

Stanley came several times subsequently to Newstead, and on two of these occasions gave lectures at Mansfield and at Nottingham.

He lectured well and was remarkably fluent, but was heard at his best in the purely descriptive part relating to Africa. He sometimes extemporised, and in these passages did not shine. My mother always managed so that when he came to stay with us we were alone, as Stanley himself evidently much preferred this. Also it was much pleasanter for all concerned. At first

she had tried the experiment of asking a few neighbours to meet him at luncheon, but at that time he seemed to look on strangers with such distrust that he never showed his best side to them. He never said anything actually rude, but was so ready to take offence and to look angry that he frightened people. On the last occasion when some harmless friends took their leave with evident precipitation, my mother, half laughing, turned to Stanley and said to him, with friendly frankness: "I really will never ask people to meet you again. It is hopeless. You are always so very nice when you are with us alone, but directly a strange face appears you are—well, you are a perfect porcupine with all your quills out, and I can do nothing with you." She said it so naturally and in such an amusing way, and the simile was such a true one, that we all laughed, including Stanley himself, but she really meant it, and in fact acted on it in the future, although as time passed, and Stanley began to make many friends in England, and his position became assured, it happily ceased to apply to him.

He never resented anything my mother said, and took it all in good part, for he knew that she really desired his welfare. From the first she was able to give him little hints in minor matters, even as to manners and dress, as only a woman could. Her friendship with Dr Livingstone and the advantage of her being some years older than Stanley made this the more easy.

One could always notice afterwards how carefully he had followed her small injunctions in such matters.

Upon his return from his Congo expedition, he gave her a massive silver ring of very simple design, and told her it was one of the large number he had had made as a reward for all his followers, men and women alike, who had gone through that memorable journey — “the faithful” as he called them, and, added Stanley: “You must have one also, for although you were not with them, you have of all my English friends been my most faithful from the first.” My mother told me this after he left, when she showed me the ring. She was really touched, and I do not wonder, for he could hardly have shown his gratitude to her in a prettier way.

CHAPTER XXIII

DEATH OF LIVINGSTONE

WE were in London when the news of Dr Livingstone's death reached England. I was ill at the time, so I remember it less clearly than I should otherwise have done, but echoes reached my sick room of all that was happening downstairs and of the many African old friends—Stanley, Mr Waller, Dr Kirk, and others—who came unexpectedly to sympathise together in common over the death of their much-loved.

Agnes, looking very ill and white, was in London and often at our house. Her composure was marvellous, but she seemed to find much comfort in being with my mother at this trying time.

Her brother, Oswell, was staying with us for about ten days. He was then a very nice, quiet young doctor whom we liked much. Slight and delicate-looking, unlike Agnes and his brother Tom, he was rather fair than dark. He was very silent and melancholy looking, but the circumstances may have accounted for this impression.

My father was asked with Mr Oswell to represent the Livingstone family at the necessary official identification of Dr Livingstone's body at the Geographical Society's rooms. He could

not well have refused, but the painful duty had such an effect on him and he returned so thoroughly exhausted by the self-control he had been obliged to exercise in restraining his feelings, that my mother was much distressed about him. He could never speak of it again to any one, but told her on his return home that the contrast between the kindly, cheerful face he remembered at their parting eight years before at King's Cross Station and that which had been brought back, had completely unnerved him, making him realise more than ever what a friend he had lost and how much he had dwelt upon seeing him again in this life. He said he felt this the more vividly, as, apart from the broken arm, there was not the slightest doubt as to the identity, both face and features being perfectly recognisable.

I was taken by my mother to see the coffin lying in state, surrounded by palms and arum lilies, in the big Council Room of the Royal Geographical Society's old quarters in Savile Row. I do not know who had suggested the improvised background of flowers, but it was curiously appropriate, and far more effective, I thought, in its simplicity than more elaborate decorations.

I was not considered strong enough to go to the funeral, which I have always regretted, but my mother, grandmother, and aunt were there. Indeed, my mother and Agnes stood by each other close to the coffin whilst it was lowered into its resting-place.

My father was one of the pall-bearers, together with other of Dr Livingstone's best known friends,

each in their several ways associated with his African life.

Mr Oswell, Mr Waller, Sir Thomas Steele, Mr Young of Kelly, Stanley, Dr Kirk, and lastly Jacob Wainwright, whose dark face suggested that he represented those faithful black followers without whom the whole ceremony would never have taken place.

I heard lately from one who was there that my father looked positively gigantic on this occasion, towering as he did by his great stature above all the other men present, although Mr Oswell, Mr Waller, and Dr Kirk, all stood well over six feet high. Also that he was so overcome by his efforts at self-control, and looked so deadly white in consequence, that my mother was quite alarmed by his appearance at one time, and very thankful when all was over and the tension relieved.

It was, I have always heard, one of the most impressive public funerals that has ever taken place even in Westminster Abbey, for the heart of the nation was stirred, and the contrast between the lonely African death-bed and the present pomp and ceremony seemed to add to its pathos.

The whole Livingstone family came to London to attend it; and it was a few days later that I saw Agnes's two old aunts, who, with Anna Mary, had luncheon at our house. They were nice, sensible-looking, elderly women, looking very square and solid in their deep mourning; their dark, strong faces not unlike that of Dr Livingstone. They spoke little, and when they did so it was, unlike their brother, in broad Scotch; but

they were not without a certain homely dignity of their own, amidst their unwonted surroundings. I do not think any English women in the same circumstances could have acquitted themselves so well, or shown such self-possession; for so far as I know it was the first time they had ever even crossed the Border, and feeling themselves, wherever they went, objects of general attention must have been no small ordeal after their quiet life at Hamilton. They looked alien in all ways to Agnes with her graceful bearing; and made one feel that her life must have had little in common with them; nevertheless, as might have been expected, her respectful manners and affection to them were perfect.

That mournful week must have been trying to Agnes; as besides her own individual feeling, she was for a few brief days so very much under popular observation as to be almost the chief personage whenever she appeared in public. She bore herself throughout with such unaffected modesty and tact as to gain the highest opinion of all who saw her, and almost to surprise her friends, who knew what a strain it all implied to one of her retiring nature.

It was the day after the funeral, I think, that I met, for the first and only time, her younger sister, Anna Mary, then a school-girl of about the same age as myself. She had sweet, intelligent blue eyes, and sunny fair hair, and I thought her extremely pretty, but a great contrast in her colouring to Agnes and her brother, Tom, who were both almost Spanish in appearance.

Dr Livingstone, ten years before, had himself

described Anna Mary as emphatically “a nice little girl”; and one had only to exchange a few words with her to see that she had grown up on the same lines, for she had a singularly winning expression and manner.

Strangely enough, I never met her again—a loss I have always regretted, for I liked her so much that I longed to see more of her, and even from our few words together found her singularly attractive. I heard afterwards that we had at least one taste in common, in our great love of Hans Andersen’s fairy tales and stories. This I heard not from Agnes, but from Denmark itself; indeed, it was Anna Mary who had given the Danish writer one of his greatest pleasures in his old age. For as a child, prompted by nothing but her own feelings, she had written and sent him on her own account, a most delightfully expressed letter, to tell him how much his lovely fairy fancies had meant to her; and had gone on to tell him, with all a child’s innocent pride, who she was, and how her own father was Dr Livingstone, who—as he must have heard—was then far away in Africa.

This letter was so exactly after Hans Andersen’s own heart, that he not only answered it in the same spirit, but ever afterwards kept it to show to his friends and visitors as one of his greatest treasures. Letters from the little friends made through his fairy tales were the reward he loved most of all things on earth.

Very soon after the funeral we left London for Newstead, where my brothers and sisters had had already been for some time. A few days

later Agnes and her brother Thomas, joined us there to spend the rest of that spring and summer. They both looked worn and tired on their arrival; indeed, perfect rest and, as far as was possible for her, freedom from anxiety were absolutely essential for Agnes; but she still had much to do in answering the multitudes of kind letters she had received from literally all quarters of the globe; and melancholy as the task of reading and acknowledging them was, she found the sort of sad comfort we all do at such times in the fervent expressions of sympathy and admiration of her father, and also, perhaps, in being in a house where everything reminded her only of happy days passed with him there. My mother had a few friends staying with us at times; but for the most part it was a very quiet summer, mainly devoted to Agnes and to Dr Livingstone's memory. Most of the guests were associated with his affairs in some way or the other, and there was no attempt at any gaiety, for which neither my father nor mother felt inclined, even if Agnes and her brother had not been with us.

CHAPTER XXIV

SUSI AND CHUMAH

IT was just before Whitsuntide that the Rev. Horace Waller accompanied by his wife arrived at Newstead for a short visit that was to combine business with pleasure, as there were various matters connected with Dr Livingstone's "Last Journals" to be discussed with Agnes and her brother, whilst, at the same time, and for the same purpose, it had also been arranged that Susi and Chumah, Dr Livingstone's faithful servants, should meet Mr Waller at Newstead on their way north to stay with Mr J. Young at Kelly. It was through his generous kindness that they had been sent from Zanzibar to England, and provided with all necessaries in the way of outfit. They were pleased at their services being acknowledged in this manner, the more so as they were naturally desirous of meeting the family of their revered master face to face, so as to tell all they only could of his last days on earth, and of what had really happened afterwards. Indeed, their presence was almost necessary to set at rest many doubtful points before the "Last Journals" appeared, if the book were to be thoroughly reliable and trustworthy.

After Mr and Mrs Waller had been refreshed

by tea, Susi and Chumah were sent for, and with some ceremony were ushered into the drawing-room. I can see them now in my mind's eye, as they bowed low at the open door with a rather un-English salutation, and then stood still for a moment like two big children, as if uncertain what to do. Then, as Mr Waller indicated my father, they bowed once more to him, and seemed greatly pleased when he advanced and spoke to them kindly, and then introduced them to my mother and to Agnes and Tom Livingstone. On hearing the well-loved name, their dark faces beamed and they bowed once more, and even lower than before. They then stood upright whilst they were asked a few questions as to their journey and what they preferred in the way of food, when, with a few more words of cordial welcome, they were dismissed and handed over to the good offices of the butler and the kind-hearted old housekeeper, who were instructed to look after their comfort generally during their stay. From the first they made a favourable impression. In spite of their colour, no pleasanter countenances could have been seen anywhere, although the two comrades showed a marked difference in colour and type, belonging as they did to different tribes and localities.

Of the two, Susi was much the elder, as well as the taller. He was a Shupanga man, and had been with Dr Livingstone even before the death of Mrs Livingstone more than twelve years previously, and he and Mr Waller were old friends. Susi had also afterwards been one of the woodcutters in the "Pioneer" boat. He looked as

if he had gone through a good deal of anxiety in his time, and had a rather lined and careworn face, slightly marked by the smallpox, which, strangely enough, invariably shows its traces more on black than on European complexions. He was also two or three shades darker than Chumah. The latter was of a light chocolate hue, and of a very smooth skin. He was a far more vivacious character, as was easily to be discovered by his bright, dancing, and roving eyes. He appeared to be taking in his novel surroundings with great interest.

One felt instinctively that the two were on the best of terms. Although Susi was evidently the responsible superior, Chumah surpassed him in quickness of perception. Throughout their visit, it was pretty to notice Chumah's deference to his elder. He took care at all times to show he looked on him as his leader.

Chumah had once been a slave, and was rescued by Dr Livingstone in 1861. He was originally a Wanyau boy, and later had sailed with Livingstone in the adventurous voyage to Bombay in the *Nyassa*. He had a varied experience of life, as, whilst his master was in England, he had been placed by him in the Free Church College near Bombay, under the care of Dr Wilson.

They were dressed in European attire, in very thick blue serge jackets, with bright round buttons —reefer jackets, I believe they are called — and blue serge trousers. They found even the June weather chilly, but never wore caps or hats even out of doors; and although I have a vague impression I have at times seen them with

striped red silk kerchiefs knotted round their heads; it was more for the sake of adornment than aught else.

They were immensely proud of their new English clothes, but evidently found them rather irksome; and in spite of their satisfaction in wearing socks and shoes walked as if unaccustomed to their use.

As they became more at home, the favourable impression they had from the first produced was increased by their behaviour, for directly they had recovered from their slight embarrassment, they answered all questions put to them, not only in fair English, but with a modest readiness that pleased every one, upstairs and downstairs alike. From our maids, also, we learnt that their good manners at meal times, and their quickness at conforming to English habits had impressed the English servants immensely. In all ways, indeed, Susi and Chumah did the highest credit to Dr Livingstone's long training. Without making any ostentatious profession of religion, they showed themselves sincere Christians, both in conversation and conduct. On Sunday, as a matter of course, they attended morning and evening service in the Chapel, where their reverent demeanour was remarked by all to be an example to many English churchgoers. Mr Waller's treatment of them seemed to me perfect; and, I think, must have been much like Dr Livingstone's own, being most considerate and gentle, but never familiar. They looked up to and respected him in consequence as he deserved.

It will, doubtless, be remembered that of all his missionary associates Dr Livingstone had a special regard and friendship for Mr Waller, whose goodness and thoroughness he had every opportunity of testing under severe trial in Africa, where he proved himself a man after his own heart, not only by his kindness and sympathy, but by his readiness to take his share of hard work, including manual work, when it was necessary.

He had now given up his responsibilities in Africa, and held the living of Twywell, Northampton; but still had the mission cause at heart, and was well known both in missionary circles and on the Royal Geographical Society, where his splendid presence made him a noticeable figure. He was a striking looking man, being nearly as tall as my father; and, with his sun-burnt skin, dark deep-set eyes, eagle face, and long, flowing black beard, had almost the appearance of an Arab chief.

Every morning he summoned Susi and Chumah for a long serious talk for the purpose of elucidating facts and details as to Dr Livingstone's last days and what had happened afterwards. It was important that absolute accuracy on these points should be observed, as already many confused statements were in circulation, and the public was looking for the impending publication to settle debateable details. Agnes and Tom Livingstone, of course, were present at these interviews; and often my father also at their request.

Now and then, when Mr Waller thought special explanation was requisite, he spoke to

them in their own African dialect, with which, of course, he was well acquainted in the past; but their English proved so much better than was expected that this happened but seldom. They answered all questions clearly and concisely, and in a quiet, straightforward manner that was a great assistance to their interrogators. From first to last they never appeared to be the least conscious that their own actions had been anything remarkable, nor did they claim or seek any reward beyond their ordinary wages. They said they had simply done what they thought was right; and although evidently pleased at the approbation of Dr Livingstone's family and friends, looked not for other praise.

Besides these lengthy interviews, their help was wanted to explain, as no others could, many of the objects and curiosities that had been sent home with their master's personal effects.

These were already in his daughter Agnes's care at Newstead, and formed no inconsiderable collection, the chief value of which lay, of course, in their origin and association.

Amongst the articles that had been sent home was, first and foremost, the precious "Last Journal," with many notes and letters, the few travel-worn clothes, and the consular cap and sword; also a few specimens of native work, and a curious spear-head that had been treacherously thrown at Dr Livingstone, and but for a providential escape must have cost him his life. This last was, by his own request, given to my father, and is now preserved, with the other Livingstone relics, at Newstead.

All this task of examination and identification took a considerable amount of time, as everything had to be looked over and compared with the written list made by Jacob Wainwright under Susi's directions at Ilala.

It was remarked at the time that they mentioned Jacob but rarely, and except in reference to the list, only one of the subordinates. Of envy or hurt feeling as to his being first sent for to England, or to the part he had been called upon to take at Dr Livingstone's funeral, there was no trace. To see this was rather a relief, for there had been some fear to the contrary.

It was lovely weather during the whole of their stay, and most of the cross-questionings took place, in consequence, out of doors on the grass, close to the Dog's Tomb, instead of in the billiard-room, as had been originally planned. Never, indeed, do I remember a more glorious summer, or a season when there was a greater mass of bloom on flowering trees and shrubs. In particular the American azaleas, of which at that time there was a profusion, made the air heavy with their honeyed scent, whilst their blossoms of many colours—orange and flame, white, lemon, and rose, as well as the commoner golden yellow—were a sight never to be forgotten.

One morning, I recollect, a photographer arrived, whether by mere accident I know not, and asked to be allowed to take the group at the big table with the journals and other things upon it, with Mr Waller, Agnes, Tom Livingstone, and the two Africans beside it. It was a much more successful production than most of the kind, and

gave great pleasure to Susi and Chumah, as they were much flattered at having their pictures taken along with Mr Waller and their master's children. They preferred Tom Livingstone, I think, to any one else, partly, of course, because of his being Dr Livingstone's son, and having an unmistakeable, although slight, resemblance to his father. Tom was very kind to them both, and often in the afternoon took them for walks either in the grounds or park, when he would encourage them to ask questions as to all they saw, and give them information about English trees and plants. He used to be greatly diverted by some of their confidences as to the strangeness of English life and ways.

There was no trifle, however minute, that escaped Chumah's sharp eyes. For example, his bewilderment at having noticed, as he called it, "flour on the face of one of the old English ladies," which to him simply appeared a woeful waste of good food. He was far too unsophisticated to imagine it could be regarded as a beautifier. This amused Tom immensely, and, still more, that the lady in question, one of the passing guests in the house, should be considered "old," but, as is usual with all dark races, any woman over twenty-five appeared to Chumah quite ancient.

It was with sincere regret that the whole household parted with their pleasant guests, but, Whitsuntide over, Mr and Mrs Waller had to return to their rectory in Northamptonshire, whilst Susi and Chumah were despatched to Scotland for their long-planned visit to Mr J.

Young, of Kelly. He had, indeed, been already doubly generous in sparing them to Newstead on their way to him, but he understood well the reason as to the book, and recognised it would be a relief to Agnes to hear all they could tell her.

We heard a little later from Agnes Livingstone that their visit to Mr Young had also been a success, and that they left a very interesting memento of their visit behind them ; for, on their host questioning them closely as to the size and general appearance of the hut in which Dr Livingstone had died at Ilala, they promptly suggested that the easiest method of satisfying his curiosity would be for them to construct its facsimile on the spot. It was nearly haytime, and the grass was long and thick in the fields, so that there was little difficulty on the score of materials, for at that stage it closely resembled the African native grass. With the help of a few saplings they quickly constructed a most beautifully made hut, in essentials practically the exact copy of the one at Ilala.

A photograph of this was sent on to my father. This ingenious idea, and the clever way they carried it into effect, proved of the greatest use in the illustration of the last journals when published.

A short time after this they returned to Zanzibar in the same quiet and unobtrusive way they had arrived ; and although, from time to time, we heard from various sources good reports of them, they gradually sank into obscurity.

By this present time Susi, at any rate, must have taken his last long journey, for he was by no means in his youth when I saw him.

Except for this brief visit to England, I never heard of their receiving any reward or recognition for what may be truly called their great deed. Nor did they look for any. They held what they did as their simple duty.

And yet, so long as Dr Livingstone's name is remembered in honour, those of his two faithful servants are not likely to be forgotten. We owe it to their loyalty, courage, and honesty, not only that Westminster Abbey is the richer by his grave, but that the records of his last labours are not lost to the world for ever.

CHAPTER XXV

JACOB WAINWRIGHT

A SHORT time after Susi's and Chumah's visit, whilst we were still under the pleasant impression they had left with us, we had another, but far less agreeable, from Jacob Wainwright. It will be remembered that Jacob Wainwright also had been with Dr Livingstone during the last year of his journeyings, although in a very subordinate capacity, as he had only formed one of the fifty-seven men and boys despatched to Dr Livingstone by Stanley, to be used for general purposes as porters and carriers. Jacob and John Wainwright, however, were pupils from the Nassick College near Bombay, and had been originally designed to form part of Lieutenant Dawson's relief expedition in 1872—that ill-fated attempt that had come to an abrupt and rather regrettable conclusion, after hearing the news that Stanley had successfully anticipated its aim.

Jacob Wainwright had received a certain amount of education at the college; and could, at least, read and write after a fashion, although to call him, as many newspapers did, "well educated" was a great exaggeration. His writing powers were very elementary, to judge from the

lists he had made at Susi's bidding of their dead master's effects. These lists had been given to Tom and Agnes Livingstone, and rather astonished us all by their appearance. They were written in a very large childish round hand, on big ruled paper, with many mistakes, very different from what had been expected, as they had been grandiloquently termed "inventories" by the press, and a great deal of stress had been laid on their importance. It had been also by Susi's orders that Jacob Wainwright had carved the inscription on the tree at Ilala, where Dr Livingstone's heart was buried.

Jacob had, apart from this, acted, I believe, as one of the cattle drivers, and was certainly not promoted by Dr Livingstone to any responsible position. He was, perhaps, then four-and-twenty, and, no doubt, in his way, and under proper control, a useful servant; but he only came into notice after his great master's death, because the Church Missionary Society had the forethought to send for him to accompany Dr Livingstone's remains to England as being one of their own pupils.

In consequence of this step, at the time of the funeral, Jacob, being on the spot, was chosen to represent Africa, as one of the pall-bearers. The idea in the abstract touched the popular feeling, and was eminently right and proper, although to those immediately concerned, who knew the real circumstances, it was felt that the honour by rights should have devolved on the devoted Susi and Chumah, who had not only been Dr Livingstone's most faithful servants from the beginning, but to

whom the whole scheme of bringing back his body was due.

Unfortunately, in the excitement of the news of their first arrival with their sad burden at Zanzibar, it had been taken too much for granted by all Dr Livingstone's friends in England that Susi and Chumah would continue to accompany the remains to England, therefore no one had considered it necessary to enquire about them, still less had thought of supplying the requisite funds for their passage home.

There was much concern and regret expressed by all when it was found that this neglect made it too late for the two devoted servants to be present at the funeral in Westminster Abbey. Yet, although the opportunity had been allowed to slip, it was difficult to attach blame to any one; and although, as I have already told, Mr Young had done his best with his wonted liberality to remedy matters, it was felt to be late in the day.

In the meantime, Jacob Wainwright was being taken round the country as the central attraction of a series of large missionary meetings that had been organised, and were drawing large attendances. For this no one could blame the Church Missionary Society, although one might not exactly admire the feeling that prompted full material advantage being taken of the public sentiment, and the consequent subscriptions that resulted.

Jacob was announced to appear at a large meeting in Nottingham one evening; therefore it was natural enough that the missionary who had him in charge, should interchange letters

with my mother, proposing to bring him on to Newstead with him for the day.

We were not quite such a large party as when Mr and Mrs Waller had been there, but Agnes and Tom Livingstone remained with us, and I suppose we must, as usual, have been about a dozen in all. At that time it was rare for our house party to be less.

It was a very hot June day, when a short time before luncheon, the missionary followed by his black companion, made his appearance in the drawing-room. The missionary seemed quite a nice man, although he did not strike us as a very able or experienced one. I believe his training had been more that of the college and platform than of actual African practical work. It was the demeanour of Jacob that most amazed my father, and was a distinct shock to us all. It was not merely that he was remarkably ugly, being almost of an exaggerated negro type, in great contrast to the pleasing and intelligent countenances of Susi and Chumah. For that, those of us who had seen him at the time of the funeral were prepared. Nor was it because he was most unbecomingly dressed in a dark semi-clerical costume, but it was that, during the two months that had elapsed since the funeral, he had deteriorated markedly in manners and behaviour.

Now we have it on the authority of Proverbs, that among the four things that the earth cannot bear is "a servant when he reigneth," and Jacob Wainwright was of this truth a complete example, for he had evidently grown so much above himself, and was so conceited, that his new manner was

painful to witness. He thrust himself forward in conversation in an unlooked-for way, and unless he was the centre of attention, was undisguisedly annoyed and sulky.

My parents and Agnes and Tom Livingstone were naturally astonished, and looked at the missionary, expecting him to take steps to control his charge; but that good man seemed to find nothing amiss, and even took pleasure in bringing him forward, explaining with what success Jacob's speeches were received by crowded audiences nightly, and adding, no little to the surprise of his auditors, that it was proposed that Jacob should be ordained a missionary directly the necessary examinations and formalities should be got through, when he was to proceed to East Africa on his own account. This statement, with Jacob's presence before our eyes, seemed almost incredible, especially as we all knew well, from Dr Livingstone's last journals and letters, that such an idea had never passed through his mind.

To listen without comment was the most that my mother and Agnes could do, whilst to those who best knew him, there was no question of my father's keen, though silent, disapproval. At this juncture luncheon was announced, and there was a moment's embarrassed pause. My mother hardly knew what to do. The missionary evidently expected his charge to join the luncheon party, which would, as she well knew, greatly annoy my father. The necessity for keeping negro servants under kindly but due discipline was a point upon which Dr Livingstone was extremely particular. Moreover, etiquette in Africa is more rigid than

in Europe. In the present case, of course, it was not a mere question of colour, but of the individual. However, there being no alternative available, we all trooped downstairs together. Jacob Wainwright and his guardian alone seemed quite at their ease, or rather the former showed signs of unmistakable elation at his promotion.

The luncheon that followed was, perhaps, the most uncomfortable I have ever known. Jacob began by talking volubly; but as his remarks did not receive much attention he consoled himself by making a very hearty meal. To be fair to him, I must say he had learnt good "table manners," as they say in America, and managed his knife and fork with skill.

My mother, always a kind hostess, addressed herself almost exclusively to the missionary, and tried to draw him into conversation on other subjects, but he would still only talk of Jacob. He struck us all as being very well meaning; but had evidently made the mistake of believing his *protégé* to be inspired by the same views and ideals as himself. In Jacob's place he would have wished sincerely to become a missionary; and did not see that with Jacob it was a mere parrot echo of his present clerical surroundings, which he had appropriated with the extraordinary facility for imitation of his race.

My father sat in silence at the foot of the table, sometimes throwing back his head with a deep sigh, a trick he had when annoyed, and by which we all knew he was seriously put out. Tom, who had been much in Egypt,

looked greatly disgusted and hardly ventured to speak.

At last, the ordeal was over, and with a sigh of relief we dispersed. My mother, though weary, with her usual kindness, proposed to take the missionary round the garden and grounds, then in the flush of their summer loveliness, until it was time for him to be driven to the station to catch his afternoon train to Nottingham.

My father simply vanished, being at once too candid and too provoked to pretend to be polite under the circumstances, nor did he reappear until tea-time, when, the visitors having departed, we reassembled under the Dog's Tomb to have tea out of doors, and to discuss the incidents of the day.

My father was still very indignant, and declared he had never seen such injudicious treatment of a negro, especially one of the low class that Jacob appeared to be, and repeated, over and over again, his wonder as to what "dear old Livingstone" would have said had he been present.

Tom Livingstone, who had been looking languidly amused for some time, then said he had a surprising sequel to relate. Feeling very tired and done up with the heat, he had returned to the quiet of the big billiard room to rest. He had not long been there before, to his surprise, Jacob Wainwright strolled in through the open door from the garden and sat down beside him. He had noticed a tray with soda water and tumblers in passing through the room some time before, and argued that where soda water was, brandy might be. Anyhow it was for brandy that he asked Tom, and very insistent were his demands, although

Tom, having some regard for his poor, infatuated guardian's feelings, was adamant in his refusal to procure it for him. If he had been given the least chance of getting hold of any, Tom was certain there would have been little likelihood of a missionary meeting being held that night so far as Jacob Wainwright was concerned. Jacob would, however, not be shaken off or repressed, and growing unpleasantly and gratuitously confidential, he imparted into Tom's disgusted ears the great boredom of his present life, which he could only endure because at that time there seemed no way out of it. He added the hope of better things in the future, as once back in Africa he expected to be his own master, and to have, among other advantages, the means of procuring a great many wives!

We were naturally much horrified at this declaration of the would-be missionary, but, after all we had seen and heard, hardly surprised. There was a good deal of discussion at the time as to whether the clergyman who had charge of Jacob should be written to and warned; but this we felt could only be done by Tom Livingstone himself, and to this course Tom was most averse. He said, with reason, that it would come with a very ill grace from himself; and that, as Jacob Wainwright had spoken to him confidentially, he would certainly deny or explain away the whole conversation. Also, he pointed out that the blind confidence of the clergyman in Jacob's integrity was such that he was likely to doubt all our words sooner than Jacob's, and so, on the whole, it was decided to leave the matter alone.

I have often wondered if the conclusion were a right one, but in one's own house the ties of hospitality are exacting, and the situation was awkward.

The next morning our feelings can be imagined when we read in the local paper of Jacob's high character and aims, in reference to his introduction at the crowded missionary meeting, followed by Jacob's set speech on, of course, the most conventional lines. I believe he was, to do him justice, wonderfully fluent, having the excellent word-memory of most negroes.

We all kept our own counsel at the time, as we were desired to do so; but at this date I think this incident may serve as a useful lesson to others, although the advance in experience and knowledge in the way of treating native races hardly makes it necessary. It may, perhaps, also explain the coldness with which Agnes and the rest of her family treated any reference to Jacob Wainwright, and that their marked preference for Susi and Chumah had nothing to do with the Church Missionary Society, as, I think, may possibly have been erroneously inferred.

It may be added that, as might have been anticipated, Jacob Wainwright's career as a missionary was a total failure.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE "LAST JOURNALS"

THE intention was that Dr Livingstone's eldest son, Thomas, who had really excellent abilities, should undertake the editing of his father's "Last Journals." It was thought that, with a little technical supervision from Mr Waller, he was fully capable of doing all that was required, in spite of his never having had any previous literary experience.

With the courage of ignorance, he was at this stage of the proceedings quite confident it would be a comparatively easy task, and even Agnes, who had had some slight experience in such matters through helping her father as a young girl, anticipated no difficulties, as the present journals were most carefully written out and appeared to be complete, save for the final chapters.

I fancy, also, that there would have been some pecuniary economy in the result had Tom been able to carry out this plan. Also, if it were subsequently discovered that he possessed a bent for writing, it would have made his future prospects brighter; for although at that time no one realised how precarious his health was, and he was able to hold a light post in some business house in Egypt, whence he was now at home on leave, there was an

uneasy feeling that he might not, even in a warm climate, be able to continue sustained work of the kind.

The financial affairs of the whole Livingstone family were, at this juncture, admittedly at a low ebb, and gave concern to their most intimate friends. All knew their future depended greatly on the success of the eagerly-awaited book.

The Government had, at the earnest recommendation of the Geographical Society, made some small provision for Agnes and her sister; but such pensions are relative, and, although it would keep them from actual want, it seemed, to all who knew the circumstances, but a very inadequate provision. There were, besides, the two old aunts at Hamilton to consider, and her young sister's education was still unfinished. All these points could not but make it a time of anxiety for Agnes, although, true to her character, she never spoke of her troubles. She had, of course, many friends who were only desirous of lightening her cares, but had far too much of her father's fine independent spirit to tolerate such a thought for a moment.

Until the end of June, just before our departure for Scotland as usual, all was, however, supposed to be going on well with the book. Tom said little, but appeared to be working strenuously. He spent all his mornings in his own room in the Sussex Tower, surrounded by his father's manuscripts and notes, and only descended each day at luncheon time, when his pale face and worn looks aroused some concern, as they gave to all the impression he was trying to do too much for his strength. Then came a melancholy

week, when he was evidently greatly depressed and ill at ease; and at last he was obliged to confess to Agnes that he had made hardly any progress with his task, and, in fact, found the whole undertaking to be utterly beyond his powers.

He had, without doubt, tried to do his best, but the result was so inadequate as to be practically *nil*, and at length he realised but too clearly that he had neither the literary skill nor technical experience required.

He was so miserable and humiliated under his sense of failure that there was no room for anything but pity for him at the time. The more so that he was silent, and that, to be fair, there was a certain sense that all were to some degree responsible for the position, for the work had been rather pressed on him, and he himself had rather complied with others' wishes than volunteered in the whole matter.

The dismay occasioned, however, by this totally unforeseen breakdown of all arrangements can hardly be expressed. It would be idle to say it was not an intense disappointment to my parents and Agnes; more especially was it bitter to the latter, as she was devoted to Tom, and had hitherto believed firmly in her brother's powers. Nevertheless, she was at this time most kind and considerate of his feelings.

It was a great comfort to all concerned later that there had been no reproaches or recriminations, for although no one was aware of it at the time, it turned out that poor Tom's health was even then in a most serious condition. He

went about as usual, and never complained of more than fatigue and headache, but he was in reality so hopelessly ill even then, as fully to explain afterwards his inability to rise to the situation.

There was now nothing left to detain him in England, so he returned to his post in Egypt at the end of the summer, and it was hoped the change of scene and climate might do him good, but he only grew steadily worse, and died there the following spring.

A sad little romance was attached to his premature death, for he had become engaged some time before his stay at Newstead to a charming girl, whose circumstances made it quite possible for their marriage to be contemplated after a year or two's delay.

They were devoted to each other, and when his condition became visibly alarming, she was sent for, but she only reached Egypt in time to be with him for the remaining few weeks of his life.

From first to last there was a pathetic touch about poor Tom's life, for he had since early boyhood never fully recovered from the hardships he had endured in Africa as a very young child, and had in consequence seldom known the blessing of real health throughout his short life.

He was much liked by all who knew him, and of all Dr Moffat's many grandchildren, was that fine old missionary's favourite.

In truth, Tom's whole personality was most attractive. He had a charming voice and manner, and an exceedingly handsome even noble face, in which could, nevertheless, be traced an unmistakable although softened likeness to Dr Livingstone.

But his continual ill-health, and the languor resulting therefrom, handicapped him terribly at all times, and probably his early death saved him from much misery, for he seemed constitutionally unfitted for any struggle with the difficulties of life.

July found my family, including Agnes, at Arrochar, and the first week was mainly spent in discussion and correspondence respecting the "Last Journals," as to the best course now to adopt. The time in which to prepare them for publication was growing terribly short, as the book had been announced to appear in the ensuing November. No wonder Agnes's feeling was one almost of consternation, when she realised how little had hitherto been accomplished towards that end.

The publisher, Mr Murray, who, of course, had been the first to be informed of the unlooked-for breakdown in the arrangements, advised the family under the circumstances to entrust the task to the Rev. Horace Waller, as being in every way the most fit and capable person for the task. Mr Murray's own treatment of the Livingstones had throughout been so liberal and considerate as to make any suggestions of his carry the more weight. Not only in literary but in financial matters he had from the first been one of Dr Livingstone's best and most generous friends.

At the actual time, however, Agnes turned instinctively to her old friend, Mr Oswell, and my father was of the same mind with her. I do not know his special reasons for

this, beyond that all who knew Mr Oswell had such confidence in his varied abilities and such reliance in his inexhaustible kindness as to look instinctively to him for help; but in this case, in answer to her letter, although Agnes received the kindest of replies, it was a regretful but firm refusal, in which Mr Oswell gave excellent reasons for not undertaking the work.

The letter was worthy of the writer, and nothing could have been kinder or more sensible; nevertheless, at the time, it disappointed Agnes much. There was now no alternative but to place all the "Last Journals," notes, and paper at once in the hands of Mr Waller, who, by a great effort, managed to get the book completed within the few remaining months, so that it was issued at the date already fixed. Mr Waller accomplished the work to the satisfaction of all concerned, and, indeed, deserved immense credit for this, as he had really to work at high pressure and against time.

When the book appeared a presentation copy was duly sent to Mr Oswell, to which he replied by the following characteristic letter:—

"November, 1874.

"MY DEAR AGNES,—I have received through Mr Murray two volumes from the children of my old and dear friend; and I would thank them most heartily through you for their affectionate remembrance of me. I have begun to read the book and the short, curt sentences, full of pith, bring the dear old father so vividly before one. I cannot believe I am never to see him again. The dear old fellow, how quiet and gentle he has

grown in these his last journals. I do not mean that he was ever the contrary; but though his unflinching courage and determination remain where they ever were, his gentleness seems to have become even more and more diffused through all he did; he is not only *suaviter in modo*, but in *re* too. I have always said, when asked, that the most remarkable trait in him was quiet, unostentatious endurance. I speak, of course, of his character as a man 'par excellence.' Thank you, dear, for sending me the last records of his work here. I am afraid you were hurt a little at my not undertaking the great honour of compiling his letters and notes; but I was not fit for it, and in the face of what Mr Murray said, it would have been impertinence to have put myself forward. Now that all has been done and your heart is soft, you will forgive me.—Believe me, very affectionately yours,
W. OSWELL."

Amongst other visitors connected with Dr Livingstone's memory, the Rev. W. G. Blaikie came to Arrochar towards the end of this summer to see my parents in order to get notes about Dr Livingstone's stay at Newstead for his "Life of Dr Livingstone." I think he even stayed a night or two with us, and also at Newstead later; but I have only a vague recollection of a big grey Scotsman, who, like his quasi-namesake, Professor Blackie, wore a plaid which he rolled round him out of doors instead of a great-coat. My mother gave him a kind welcome and all the help she could, lending him also many of Dr Livingstone's earlier letters to my father for his book; but I do not think they found each other really congenial spirits. Dr Blaikie's biography is, of course, the

standard life of Livingstone, and, I think, deservedly so; but he did not know him personally, and it naturally suffers in consequence. Still more does it suffer from the author starting it with a preconceived ideal, and, therefore, only choosing such material as happened to suit his own point of view. He could not fit my parents into his "picture," or imagine Dr Livingstone on the very affectionate and happy terms he was with them at Newstead. Probably he thought them both rather wanting in earnestness, at least this is my impression.

Among the papers sent home from Zanzibar with his journals were several letters from Dr Livingstone addressed to my parents. They were written, as were also many of the latter parts of the journals, in a curious reddish-brown colour. These, at first, were looked upon with shuddering awe, as it has been whispered—although who first started the report I know not—that all else failing, the writer had been obliged to use his own blood. This turned out on examination to be absolutely untrue; for, although the colour was most peculiar, it proved to be, in reality, only the result of experiments he had made with the juice of various plants when he found his supply of ink becoming exhausted. Apart from this disturbing suggestion, the letters were sad enough reading. My father and mother were shut up with them all one morning, for the angular and, in places, tremulous writing they knew so well, required time to decipher. When, at last, they reappeared, my father was very silent, and my mother had swollen eyes.

She had wept profusely, and it was little to be wondered at; for ill, alone, and worn out with the sickness of hope deferred, even Livingstone's great brave heart had at times given way to the horrors of abandonment, and in these letters he poured out the bitterness of his soul in a manner he had never done before. His bodily strength was fast ebbing whilst the actual hardships of his daily life were increasing. Thus he seemed at times to have lost all hope, far more so even than in the period preceding Stanley's timely relief.

No one who reads the records of his truly awful sufferings can be surprised at this. Most pathetic were his questions as to whether they and all his other friends at home had forgotten him—questions that seemed all the sadder, knowing as we did, that even as he wrote, two separate expeditions were on the way to relieve him.

It was my mother's wish that these sad out-pourings should never be read by other eyes, feeling, as she did, they were only intended for my father and herself.

It was most touching how in these letters he recalled every little detail of his life at Newstead and all the habitual comforts of each day; in his sick fancy picturing even every course of the long dinners and comparing them, almost against his will, with his present scanty and unwholesome fare. At times he was literally almost starving.

It is a matter of thankfulness that Dr Livingstone's own journals are now open for all to read, for these show throughout all his

trials such indomitable faith and patience as made his end in keeping with his noble life.

His temporary discouragements serve but to heighten our sympathy and admiration for his steadfastness.

It is, perhaps, part of the suffering of the finest natures that on them at times must also fall some touch of the desolation of Calvary.

Yet it was only Livingstone's trust in man that was shaken; never in his darkest hour did his trust in God wane or falter.

"The brighter the light from the Cross itself the deeper the shadow at its foot."

CHAPTER XXVII

AGNES AND HER HUSBAND

THE whole of the year in which the "Last Journals" were published must have been a sad time for Agnes; although the quiet of the West Highlands and the rest she now enjoyed could not fail to do her health and spirits good after the prolonged strain she had undergone.

The future cannot but have seemed gloomy to her, and needed all her faith to contemplate it, since she not only had lost the hope of seeing her beloved father again on earth, but also the one abiding interest of her life. So strangely are we mortals constituted that it is oftenest our cares that we miss most when they are taken from us.

As to her future, my parents, with all her other old friends, could not but be privately concerned about it. Attractive as she still was and had ever been, she never seemed to think of marriage as a possible solution. She naturally had had various admirers, but never seemed conscious of them, far less spoke of them. I never once heard her mention the prospect of some day being married as young women sometimes do—or, at least, did in those days. She was the last woman on earth who would have married for the mere sake of a home,

whilst her standard was so high that very few ordinary young men would have come up to it ; especially as, being her father's daughter, she had the privilege of knowing well the best and most distinguished older men of the day. This was a privilege that, great as it was, made her also the more difficult to please ; for Agnes was too essentially womanly not to feel she must look up to and respect as well as love any man to whom she gave her heart. At this time she may be said to have had no acquaintance with her future husband, for, although he had once met her and even may have been introduced to her in a perfunctory fashion, a year or two subsequently, she had herself no recollection of him, nor do I think had she even heard his name.

Yet of all men on earth no one could more exactly fulfil her own moral ideal, or was more fitted to carry out Dr Livingstone's cherished schemes as that great and good man, Mr Alexander Bruce. I use the word "great" here in all soberness and after due reflection of what it implies. For, undoubtedly, some day in the far future, when the true and inner history of the British African Empire is written, the name of Alexander Low Bruce will take its place amongst its founders.

Of solid rather than brilliant abilities, but with a force of character that was only second to his sterling goodness, he could, if he had cared for such advancement, have easily risen to a much more prominent worldly position than he reached. As it was, he preferred, as he said, to remain "a hewer of wood and drawer of water" for others ; content for them to have the credit, so long as

the great cause of African progress was faithfully served.

Of all that Mr A. L. Bruce did for Africa those who knew him in his public capacity can speak far better than I; but of how he came to meet with, and to win Agnes as his wife, few of the younger generation, at least, are aware.

She herself told the story to my mother, and it is in itself such a strange little romance, and also such an unusual one as to savour rather of the proverbial fairy tale; although to those who believe in the direct workings of Providence, it will seem much more than this, and they will feel how mysteriously the Almighty takes care of His own. And yet, wonderful as it was, the means by which all was brought about were prosaic and simple in the extreme.

Autumn had set in, and Agnes had left Arrochar and was once more living with her old aunts and younger sister at Hamilton. She had occasion to go one day with her sister to Campbelltown, which entailed first a short journey by train and then a voyage by steamer down the Clyde.

Mr Bruce was at that time a widower with three children, and, as Providence willed it, he had elected to take the two elder ones for a day's excursion also to Campbelltown. In the hurry of their departure it was not until they were well started on their way to the station that he discovered he had left his umbrella behind them. It was a lovely day, fine and clear, but Mr Bruce was a prudent man and had too extensive

experience of the West Coast climate to care to venture so far without an umbrella. There was no time to return for his own, so he promptly stopped at an umbrella shop in Jamaica Street to buy another. Once in the shop he was struck by the sight of several umbrellas which had, instead of the usual handle, the carved head of Dr Livingstone in his consular cap, not certainly a work of the highest art, but, nevertheless, an unmistakable likeness. As it happened, Dr Livingstone had always been Mr Bruce's greatest hero, and nothing satisfied him now but to possess one of these umbrellas, so that he might, as he said afterwards, be always reminded of his ideal. Well pleased with his acquisition and with his thoughts still running on the original of the quaint handle, his surprise may be guessed when on getting with his children into the railway compartment, he found the only other occupants were two quiet-looking girls in mourning, and that the elder was, undoubtedly, the daughter of Dr Livingstone whom he remembered so well.

To any one who knew Mr Bruce, the absolute goodness that seemed to radiate from his whole personality made him at all times above being judged by ordinary conventionalities.

On the present occasion he looked at Agnes again and again and then at his umbrella, and at last addressed her by name and mentioned when and where he had met her.

Agnes, naturally much embarrassed, made some vaguely polite answer. She was quite at a loss to identify her interlocutor, although his face did not seem unfamiliar to her, and, in fact, so many of

her father's admirers were presented to her that the marvel would have been could she have remembered half of them.

Her confusion was rather increased when Mr Bruce drew her attention to his remarkable umbrella handle, and told her in his earnest, kind way how and why he had come to possess it.

After the train came the voyage on the same steamer together, Agnes becoming more and more puzzled as to who her new acquaintance might be.

She even at last tried by subtlety to find out his name from his eldest little girl, but the child was too young to answer her enquiries, and only repeated her Christian name, which, strangely enough, was also Agnes.

At length poor Agnes's discomposure came to a climax when Mr Bruce insisted in presenting her with the fateful umbrella in token, as he said, of his admiration for her father.

To refuse what was offered with such evident sincerity and goodwill was difficult, but her perplexity was greater, and it was with very mingled feelings that she returned to her home.

The result of his purely accidental meeting had left, as may be inferred, a very different impression on Mr Bruce.

He soon found means of being formally introduced to her at Hamilton. He had long been interested in African missionary enterprises, and knew well, by correspondence at least, her grandfather, Dr Moffat.

During the next spring Agnes and he were married; and from henceforth few wedded lives could be more perfectly happy than their own,

for not only their characters but their interests and ideals were completely in unison.

From the first, as one who knew them both well, wrote years afterwards:—

“It always seems to me that the name of Livingstone was the keynote to the full life development of Mr Bruce, as it has been to many others.”

And when twenty years later death parted their beautiful married life here, another old friend wrote thus to Agnes:—

“God gave you a wondrous husband, so full of energy and wisdom and zeal, so abounding in power to work for Him, and so fitted to be your support and guide.”

And no words could have been truer; as all who had the privilege of seeing them together felt. For if, as the old proverb says, “Marriages are made in Heaven,” this was assuredly one of them. That God had richly answered Dr Livingstone’s prayers for a blessing on his dearly-loved daughter, few who knew her life in after years would doubt.

It was marvellous to witness how she and her husband were able together to aid in carrying out many of Dr Livingstone’s most cherished dreams, and that as no others could have done. The combination of Christian and at the same time thoroughly liberal-minded and business qualities is unfortunately rare; but when it does exist, it makes itself felt all the more strongly, and causes all difficulties to vanish in an almost miraculous way.

Mr Bruce had already travelled much and spent some time in the United States. Originally a manager, subsequently a partner, in Messrs Younger's well-known brewery, he had a thorough business training, with much experience of the world and human nature abroad and at home. He always made a point of seeing the best side of both; and, in fact, did so, for as Tennyson was fond of saying, "Every man imputes himself," and Mr Bruce's own goodness generally called forth a response in those he met. He was well-off, and spent his money like water, with an almost royal generosity in the cause of Africa, principally in efforts to do away with the cruel slave trade, and to further what he believed to be best for the native interests, which to him meant chiefly the rule of Great Britain. Although a staunch Imperialist, he always put the good of the natives before all other interests.

As her father's old friend, Mr Waller, wrote to Agnes:—

"Your husband was a prop and stay to everything which Dr Livingstone had most at heart. No *son* could have been so loyal to his father's wish as your husband was to his father-in-law's."

It may be said that to Mrs and Mr Livingstone Bruce, Scotland chiefly owes the Royal Scottish Geographical Society. It was at North Berwick during the summer of 1884 that the project of forming a Scottish Geographical Society was casually proposed before Agnes one Sunday afternoon. Her eyes sparkled in their old way at the idea. It was just what her father would

have welcomed! "Why should it not be possible?" she exclaimed at once. When Mr Bruce appeared an hour later, she told him of the dream; and with his presence all difficulties seemed to vanish, as was usual in any cause of which he approved and worked at. In this case he lost no time. Before midnight a prospectus was drafted. By the next day Professor James Geikie had given it his blessing.

The amount of preliminary work to be done, even after their energetic beginning, was immense; and for many weeks after their return to Edinburgh, Agnes spent hours daily at their temporary quarters in the Chamber of Commerce Rooms in Melbourne Place, occupied not only in writing the necessary letters and discussing plans, but in helping even more effectively through her sympathy and influence than can be told here.

She and her husband were then living in Mr Bruce's old home in Regent Terrace; and Mr Bruce told me once that few things had struck him more than the cheerful way in which she had contented herself to remain on there, in spite of a growing family and sundry inconveniences, in order that he might have more scope for his African schemes, rather than, as many wives in her place would have done, press him to give her first a larger house.

The Royal Scottish Geographical Society was finally launched on the 28th October 1884, with no less than four hundred names on its roll of membership, and the Earl of Rosebery as first President. Mr A. L. Bruce was the Honorary Treasurer, whilst H. M. Stanley came

to stay with him in Edinburgh to deliver the inaugural address.

With such an excellent start, its ultimate success was a certainty, but it may be mentioned here that Mrs Livingstone Bruce not only continued her connection with the society after her husband's death, but in 1902 bestowed a gift of £1000 on it for the endowment of a Livingstone Gold Medal in memory of her father, to be awarded by the Council for distinguished services in exploration or geographical research. The first recipient was Sir Harry Johnston. During the whole of her association with the society, Mrs Livingstone Bruce's unique receptions to meet the principal travellers and distinguished men of the day, no matter what their nationality might be, were quite a feature of Edinburgh intellectual life; and besides Stanley, Lord Roberts, Sven Hedin, Admiral Peary, Captain Scott, Lord Milner, Sir Harry Johnston, Sir George Goldie, and many others, were all to be found amongst her guests of honour.

In 1888 Mr and Mrs Livingstone Bruce went with their eldest son to Cape Colony, where Agnes had the great joy of revisiting in their company her own birthplace of Kuruman, and her old home at Kolobeng, both now connected with Cape Town by the newly-opened railway, and offering in that way alone a great contrast to the days when her adventurous aunt, Ann Moffat, had braved being devoured by lions on her journey to and from those mission stations.

Mr Bruce was, by this time, more taken up by African plans than ever; but in all those in which

he was involved there was a breadth and sanity of vision that distinguished them from others of this time. To his intimates, he made no secret of the fact that his wife's influence had much to do with his interest in such matters. To one who had remarked on the good work Mr Bruce was doing in the African colonies, we hear :

“Again and again, he said how much he owed to his wife, and once when speaking to him of his good work he said, ‘Thank my wife. She has been my incentive and my staff. But for her, I should never have taken the part I have as to Africa and public affairs.’”

It is always with reluctance that one speaks of one's own intimate concerns. It brushes, one may almost say, the bloom from our tenderest memories to share them with others. Yet it is only by so doing that the soul of a friendship can be revealed ; and to show what Mr and Mrs Livingstone Bruce really were in this way I must give one instance ; although I could if I would multiply it by many equally characteristic.

It was in 1889. My dear mother was then hopelessly ill ; but as a last resource the South African climate had been recommended to her, and wisely so ; for although it could not save her life, it could and did allay much of her suffering. She was, I know now for certain, well aware of her condition ; but, inexplicably, my father never seemed to realise her danger. Probably because, as her one idea was to spare him pain, she was always cheerful and hopeful in his presence. Trying as her illness was, and much as she suffered

from weakness and depression, she always had a smile ready for him. That the idea of revisiting South Africa once more pleased him, made her all the more eager to fall in with the proposal.

By her own special wish she desired that no one of her family, except himself, should accompany her; and even went so far as to ask us all, as a favour, not to come to the steamer to bid her farewell. This seemed at the time a sad and strange request; but I now see and recognise her wisdom in making it. She alone knew the extent of her weakness, and dreaded a breakdown at the last on my father's account more than her own; and so earnest was she as to this injunction that we had no choice but to obey her.

Up to this time Mr Bruce and Agnes were in Edinburgh, and had there heard of my mother's illness and approaching departure from England. Possibly, as often happens with friends afar off, they knew more of her real condition than the members of her immediate family. They did not, however, write and ask if they might come and take leave of her; but found out from the Steamship Company the exact date of the passage, and when my father and mother went aboard the boat they found Agnes and Mr Bruce awaiting them.

It was their last sight of each other; and although I could sometimes find it in my heart to wish that I and my sisters had been in Agnes's place, it is good to think, and with gratitude I remember, that my dear mother's last English "God speed" was heard from such true and affectionate old friends.

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My dear mother only lived for some two months after her arrival at the Cape; for the end came swiftly, silently, it may almost be said mercifully, at the little wayside station at Matysfontein. At that time, although the healing air of the Karoo gave her great relief, there was no hotel accommodation of any kind in such places, certainly none fit for an invalid; and she died in a little iron cottage, without any regular attendants but her faithful maid and my father.

It sounded, for those who only knew this outer aspect, sad and forlorn enough, but it was not so in reality.

Her letters to me written on the spot and up to the very day of her death, were brimful of happiness. Her love for my father was wonderful "passing the love of women," and her pleasure in being once more, as she called it, "alone with him," was almost pathetic in its rapture. It made her, so she wrote, "fancy she was young again"; and recalled the first happy years after their marriage and the quiet weeks together they used to spend each year in some out of the way foreign resort.

Of the future she had no word of fear, only a great and inexpressible peace enfolded her.

"Your father is, as he always is, so good to me," she wrote. "He is as happy at seeing his dear Africa again and in showing it all to me, as I am in seeing it,"—and again—"I have no pain since coming up here. The climate is perfect and deserves all the praise he has told me of it, and every one is so kind."

Such are the passages that come back to my memory as I write. In her last letter she ends by saying :—

“ We have just heard of Stanley’s safety, and I am so glad and thankful. He has made a wonderful journey, and it is such a relief to know he is well.”

I felt so glad she had the news that to her meant so much, before she left this world. She was given no time for last messages or words ; but although she thought she was improving, my father grew uneasy and sent to the Cape for a doctor, there being none nearer at hand.

The daily train was due and he went down to meet him, the little station being only some two hundred yards away. Returning with the doctor, even as they entered the room where my mother was sitting up to meet them, she passed away ; but yet had time to give one of her own bright smiles of greeting to my father. In this she was herself to the last ; for her love for him was part of her very life.

She lies buried in the lovely cemetery at Weinberg, near Cape Town. Over her grave my father had placed a beautiful recumbent cross of the peculiar shape found in the Newstead Cloisters.¹

¹ My father, after my mother’s death, spent most of his time in travelling. Accompanied by my two sisters, he not only went round the world, but visited Australia, New Zealand, and Alaska.

Africa was to him, however, his last love as it had been his first, and he returned to it again and again. He died after a short illness at Luxor, 23rd February 1899, and is buried at Cairo. To those who knew him best, it seems but fitting he should also rest at the last in the land he loved so well.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MR A. L. BRUCE

EACH year, each month almost, after this time saw the increase of Mr Bruce's energies and power.

The wonder was how one man, however willing and strong, could find time for all he had undertaken; but those in authority had found out Mr Bruce's value. For himself he had at no time any thought.

He was Chairman of the Scottish Liberal Unionist Committee, and as such was Lord Goschen's right-hand man.

He was the associate of Sir William Mackinnon of the Imperial British East African Company, then recently started, and Chairman of the reconstructed Lakes Company, besides having much to do with the management of Uganda, together with all entailed in that region as to missionary enterprise and the struggle against the slave trade. To suppress slavery was almost as near his heart as it was to that of Dr Livingstone.

With all this activity abroad, neither his family nor any good cause at home was ever neglected. An attached member of the church of Scotland, Mr Bruce was yet no sectarian. His earnest desire was for the reunion of the several Presbyterian denominations of Scotland in a reconstituted church.

Occupied as he was with all his important public affairs he always, whilst in Edinburgh, taught regularly in the mission school attached to his own church. A fuller and more actively useful life it is hardly possible to imagine; nor one that seemed more likely to add both to the welfare of those on earth and the glory of God. Its continuance was, however, comparatively brief. Shortly after the opening of the session of the Scottish Geographical Society in November 1893, at which Lord Roberts gave the inaugural address, the news came that Mr Bruce had caught cold; and before it was realised that he was ill, he died on the 27th of the same month.

As he had lived, so he died, a true Christian thinking of others and of Africa to the last. To his sons he left as a legacy the 15th Psalm, the beautiful psalm that he caused to be read to him an hour before he passed away. It was sung beside his grave. Never, perhaps, was there any man who better exemplified in his own life the teaching of that psalm.

Practical in every detail, he left in his sons' care a considerable sum of money with the hope that they would take an interest in the opening up of Africa to Christianity, civilisation, and commerce, on the lines laid down by their grandfather, Dr Livingstone.

Nor were his home-ties forgotten, for the day before his death he added a codicil to his will, leaving £100 to the workmen employed in Messrs Younger's brewery, to go towards smoothing the declining days of those who had become incapacitated by old age or ill-health.

But his last thoughts were for Africa, almost his last words murmured of "a hundred and fifty miles of unfinished road."

The grief with which the news of his death was received by all who knew him was intense, not only in Edinburgh (where most of the shops had spontaneously half-closed their shutters) but by those at home and abroad who had learnt by experience how to value him, not solely for his judgment in political and African affairs, but as a friend.

Lord Selborne, Lord Goschen, Earl Grey, Sir Frederick Lugard, H. M. Stanley, Cecil Rhodes, indeed, every prominent man of the day connected with Africa joined in the universal chorus of regret and sympathy—sympathy which, one can see from their letters to Agnes, was far from that of mere courteous convention.

Of these, Lord Milner's letter to Agnes summed up best the general feeling of them all when he wrote :—

"If I told all I felt I might seem to exaggerate. His death is a public disaster. He was one of the most noble characters I ever knew, and the most lovable."

Of what his loss meant to Agnes I hardly like to write, although the wide-spread appreciation in which her husband was held, and the overflowing sympathy accorded to her and her family helped in some measure to soften the blow.

In both the great sorrows of her life—the loss of her father and now of her husband—she was, at least, not alone. She could realise the grief and

sympathy of many was with her; and this time she had also the presence of her three children to help her bear it.

Nevertheless, when I next saw her, I think two years afterwards in Edinburgh, alone and in widow's mourning, I felt she had, indeed, passed through very deep waters since we had last met. But she was brave and composed as ever, and even tried to talk hopefully of the approaching voyage she was contemplating with her children to the Cape, as she wished to show the country to her daughter, then nearly grown up.

We talked a little of the past, that past so much of which we had shared together; but we felt that neither of us could bear to dwell on it just then.

With this I must leave dear Agnes. I saw her, but only at rare intervals, during the latter years of her life in her beautiful Edinburgh home — that home where so many memories and relics of her father and his life's work were collected together.

She appeared in her widowhood to find most comfort in travelling, and with her daughter and occasionally her sons, she went not only several times to Africa, but once to India and the East. In this way she twice travelled to the Zambesi, and saw for herself the wondrous Victoria Falls, discovered by Dr Livingstone over fifty years before. To Agnes the contrast between their two journeys must have been poignant, for where Dr Livingstone had toiled wearily along day after day through unexplored regions without even a path to guide him, she made her own easy transit in a

train which was practically an hotel on wheels. Only the mighty falls with their smoke-like columns of spray remain unchanged; even their mysterious magnificence is spanned by a marvellous bridge, across which the line of railway passes without interruption far away into the interior of Africa.

All this and more did Agnes live to see in her old age, and if her father sowed the good seed in weariness and sorrow, to his child was given the sight of the rich harvest.

Twice did she visit Nyasaland, where she had even more personal interest, as it is there that the large estates of Magomero, founded originally by Mr Bruce, are being worked on the lines indicated by her husband.

Cotton, rubber, and tobacco are all being cultivated on a large scale and with great success. It is the realisation of Dr Livingstone's dream and more—that dream that fifty years ago seemed so impossible—for the whole vast country is now no longer a mystery, but a fruitful and friendly land, whilst the horrible slave trade (if not entirely stamped out), is at least nominally abolished, and the natives flourishing under wise and careful rule on all sides.

On each of Mrs Livingstone Bruce's visits she had a truly wonderful reception from the natives—a reception well-nigh royal in character, all flocking in hundreds from far and near to greet her as “the daughter of the great white chief,” as they called her.

On her way up the Zambesi River she had the comfort of visiting her mother's last resting-

place at Shupanga. It has been for many years a Roman Catholic Mission, and the grave is kept in beautiful order by the Brethren stationed there.¹

In the summer of 1911 Mrs Livingstone Bruce was once more in Nyasaland, and on a visit to her son, Captain Alexander Bruce, at Magomero. She was this time accompanied by her sister-in-law, Mrs Oswell Livingstone, as her own daughter was by this time happily married.

Possibly, however, the fatigue of these very long journeys was too much for Mrs Livingstone Bruce's strength; for upon her return to Edinburgh in the autumn, she was so feeble and exhausted that her condition alarmed her friends. At first it was hoped that rest and care might restore her, but nothing was of avail; she faded slowly away, and died on the 20th April 1912. With her ended a noble life.

She had opportunities, such as are given to few women, of seeing the marvellous transformation of Africa—a transformation which, in spite of the inevitable drawbacks and shadows attendant on all such vast changes, has yet added incalculably to the light and progress of the world.

¹ Much devoted work is being effected for the Christian faith on all sides, and there are many well established Mission Stations in Uganda (where there is even a cathedral), British East Africa, and Nyasaland. In the Zambesi district in particular the French Reformed Church is following up the fine work already accomplished by François Coillard and his saintly and practical Scottish wife, Christina Mackintosh, the spiritual successors of the Motito Mission near Kuruman of over sixty years ago. Of all missionaries in spirit and character possibly none have approached Dr Livingstone so closely as this simple-minded and heroic countrywoman, for even amongst her devoted colleagues she stands out as a figure apart to this day, and should be more known than is the case in England.

In Mrs Livingstone Bruce's case, she could with truth feel that most of the brighter features of this change had been largely brought about by those who were to her nearest and dearest, in so much that to them had been vouchsafed the honour of being the instruments of Higher Hands than their own.

To look back to her childhood's days at Kolobeng and all that followed them gives room for thought. One can but feel the eternal truth of the words so often quoted by Dr Livingstone, "Commit thy way unto the Lord and trust in Him and He shall bring it to pass."

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